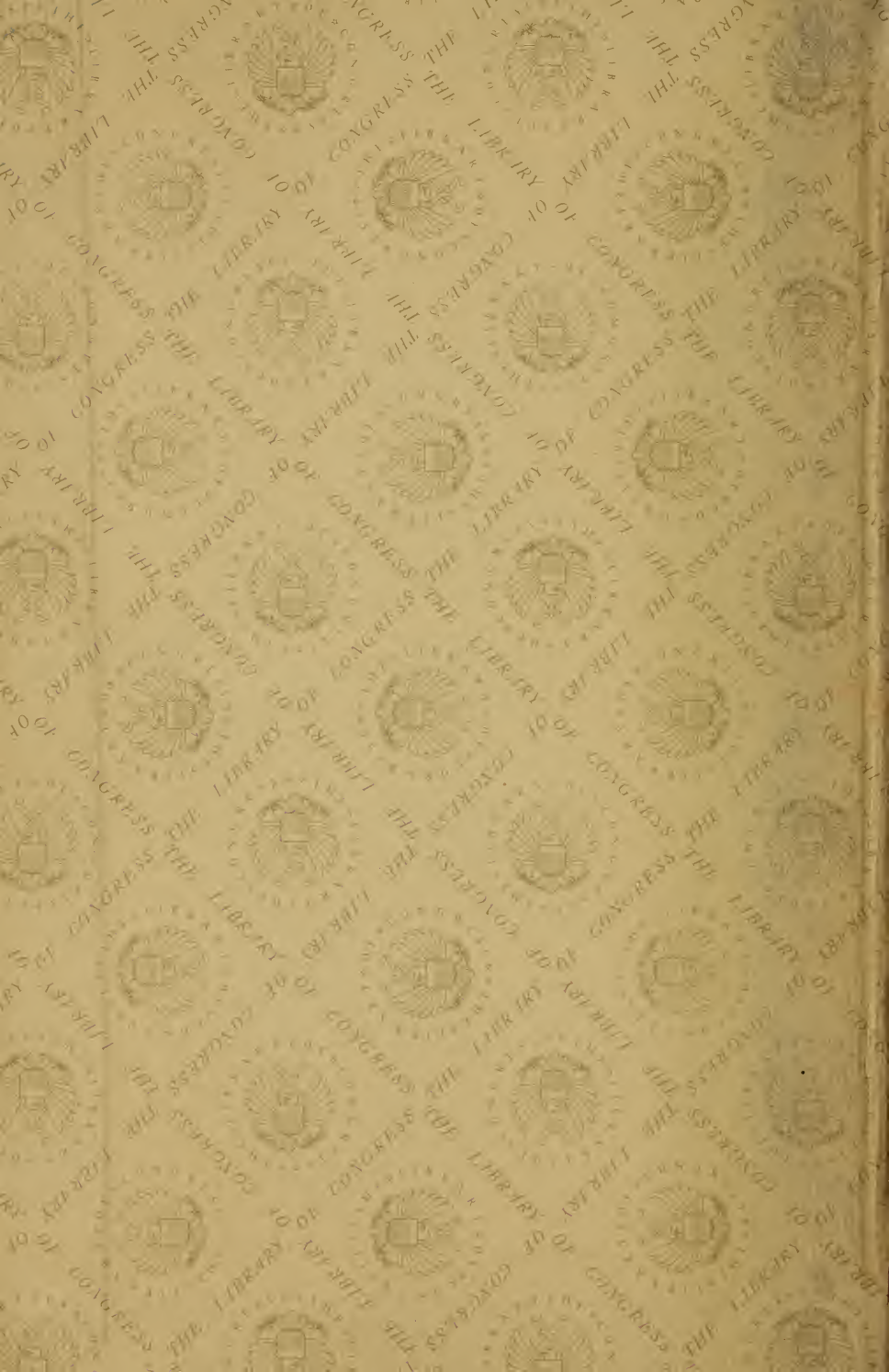


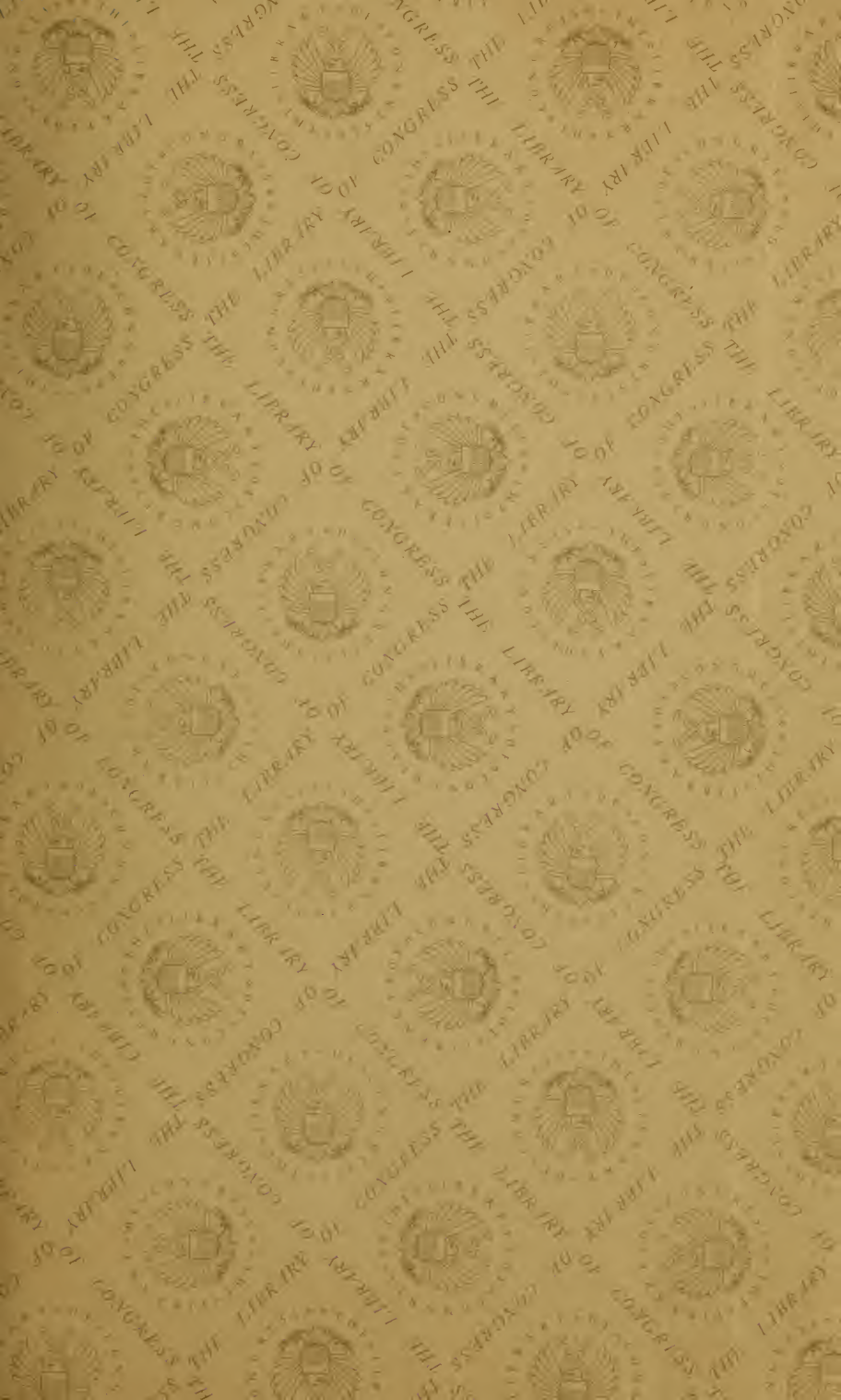
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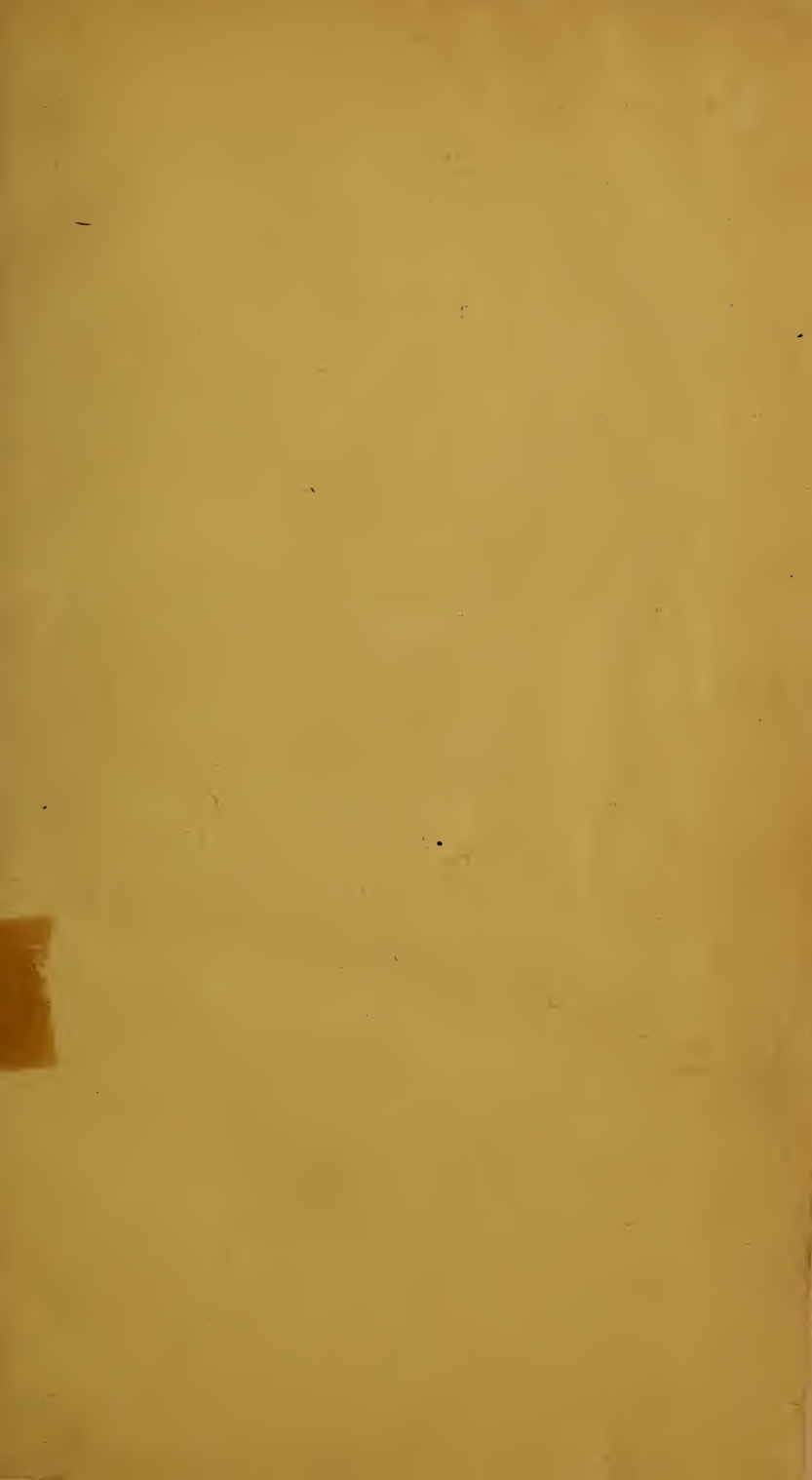
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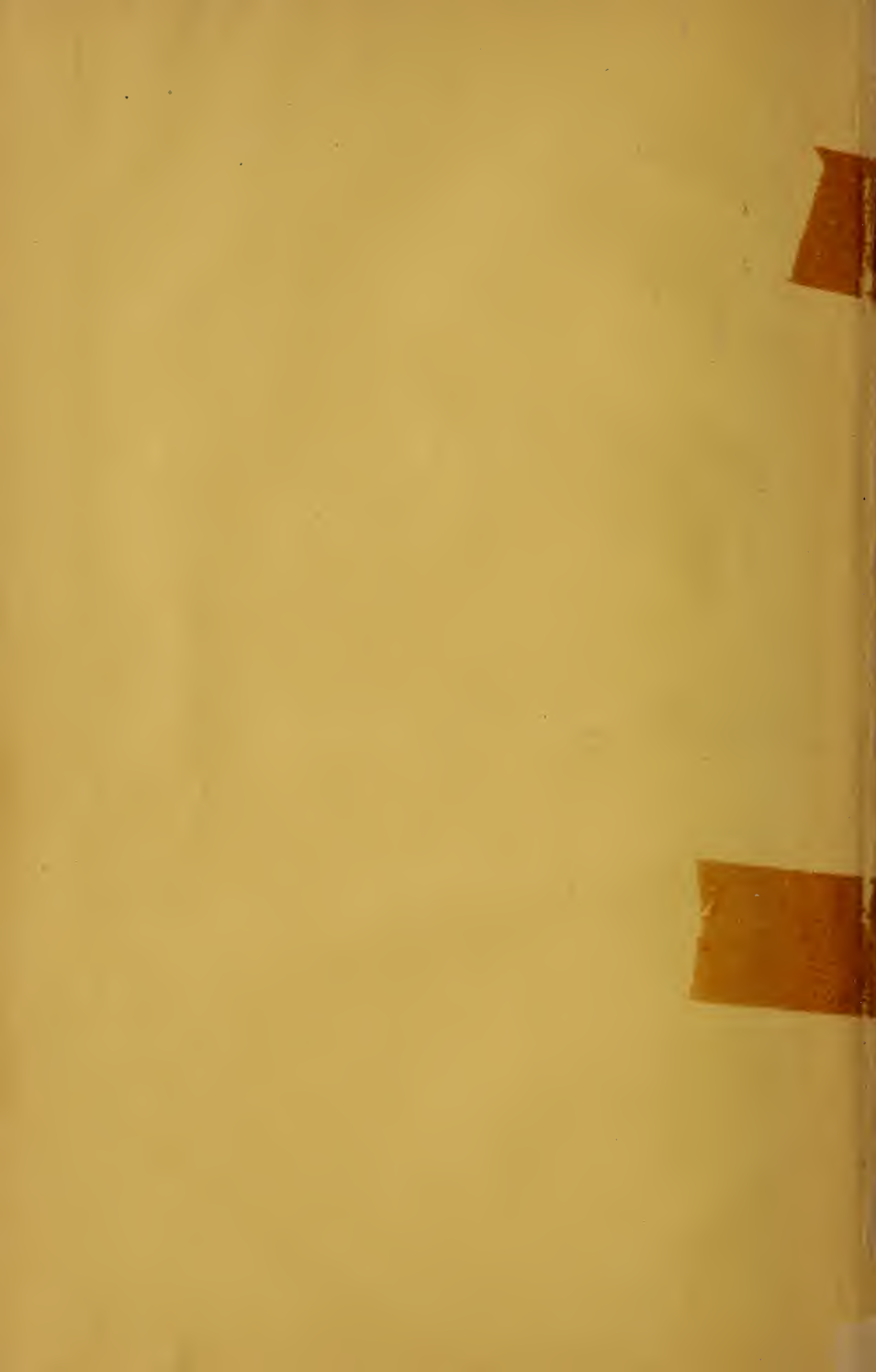
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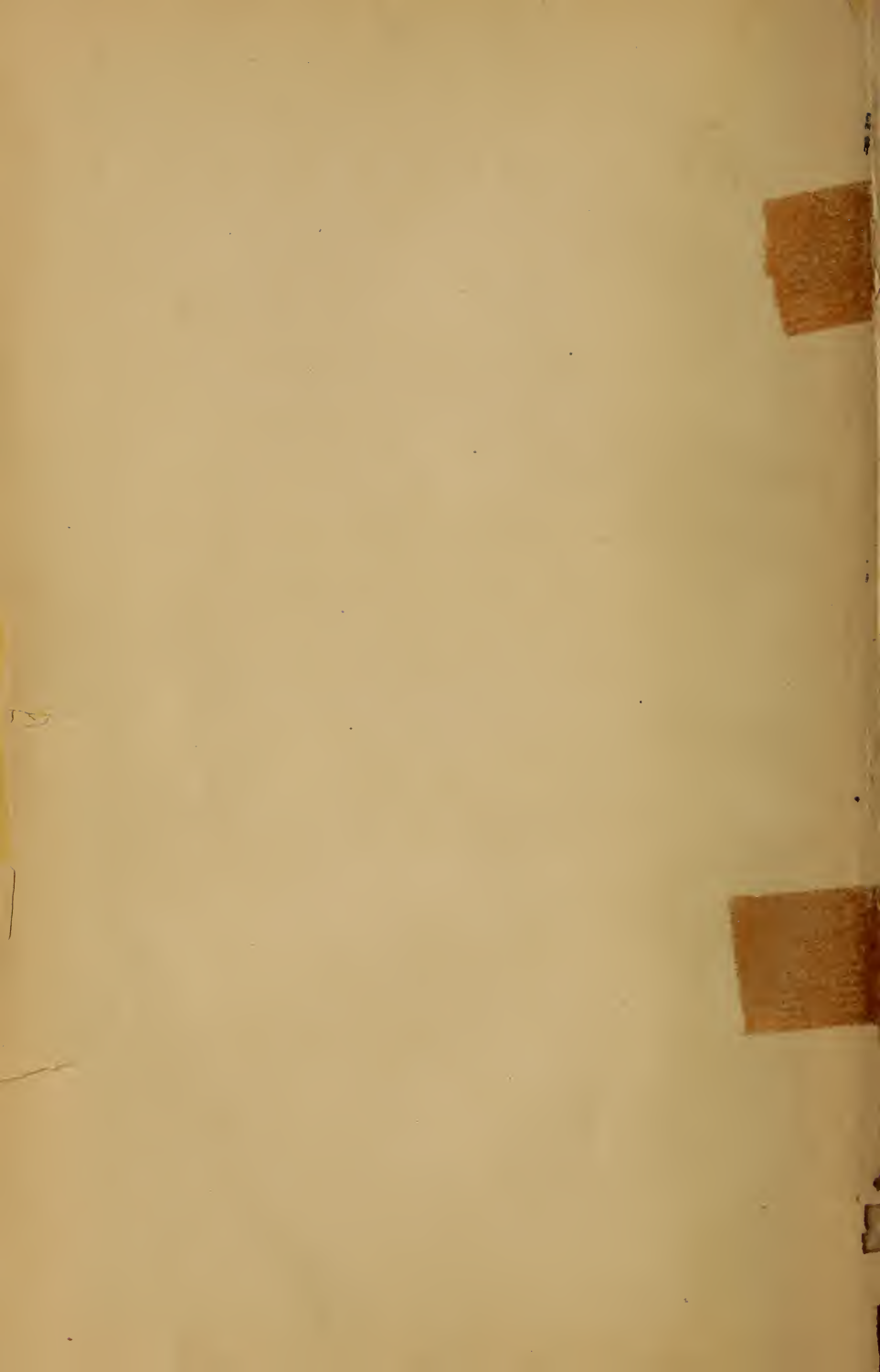












THE DIAKKA,

AND

THEIR EARTHLY VICTIMS;

BEING AN EXPLANATION OF MUCH THAT IS

FALSE AND REPULSIVE IN SPIRITUALISM.

BY

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

||

“Be advised:
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness, that which we run at
And lose by over-running.”



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LAW OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THERE are certain dark epochs, or cycles, during which the approach of spiritual beings is all but impossible. During these periods mankind retard—dark ages set in; these dark ages are recorded in the past of the development of the human race; they mark the *absence* of spiritual intercourse. But there are, and that periodically, seasons of approach—they are like to your summer months, as the darker cycles resemble your winter solstice. This alternate act, the systole, and diastole of the creative act, is an all-governing law, and rules in all the phenomena of life; for the great ruling principles repeat themselves in Nature’s working. Spiritual intercourse alternates like seasons, and the approach of spiritual beings is easy or difficult, just as the season is favorable or not. Mankind are now fast nearing a period of spiritual approach. This approach; like the base of rivers—a tide swelling above another tide—will outstride the great river-current of the present. The great ocean wave behind presses onward and onward, overcoming all, rising, conquering over the current of the present. Spiritual truth must conquer; the natures above attract you; try to unfetter the bonds of the material.”—*Extract from a recent message.*



DESCRIPTION OF THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY OF THE DIAKKA IN THE SUMMERLAND.

DURING the past twenty years, but divided by different periods of time, the telescopic power of self-regulated vision called "independent clairvoyance," has been frequently directed upon that wonderful and invariably mysterious portion of the Summerland named by a certain astronomer there "*Draco Major*," meaning in our language "The Great Dragon." Seen from Starnos, or contemplated from the right shoulder of the beautiful mountain east of the Seven Lakes of Cylosimar,* it appears like an immeasurable wilderness covering the whole sphere to the south-west, and throwing a shadow far up into the dome of the rosy blue heavens resembling a beautifully decorated trapezium, with a countless chain of bars and swings, trembling in the atmosphere, supported and upheld by *nothing*, but so amazingly attractive and seductive, like the enchanting arch of a rainbow to a child's mind, that great self-government is necessary to save one from hastening

* For some knowledge concerning Starnos and the Lakes of Cylosimar, see the author's volume, the *Penetralia*, new edition, 12mo., pp. 161-274.

with precipitation to enter a country which has for millions of ages excited the admiration, the curiosity, the cupidity, and the jealousy of the imperfect inhabitants of all worlds.

The observer (and here the author refers to his own clairvoyant observations and feelings) is first amazed with the apparent boundless magnitude of this celestial wilderness, stretching in a semi-circle from the far north-west to the equally far south-west, and this, too, in a heavenly land ineffably glorious and perfect,—that is, when compared with anything seen or dreamed of among the most imaginative minds on earth.

This wonderful country of the Diakka excites your unenlightened fancy, first, by its mighty wealth of magnitude, and, second, by the wonderful character of its aerial crown, over the shadow of the enchained trapezium, mottled with delicate brilliant points, so dazzlingly bright and exquisitely prismatic as to make the immediate surroundings black, giving the beholder an impression that the hills and dales and forests beneath must be insufferably splendid with diamonds and golden riches too perfect for earthly eyes to gaze upon. Intense, central globular lights, softened rapidly into frames of perfect globes of blackness, but with very jagged and broken outline, appearing and disappearing under the eye, sometimes in bars and lines of incalculable length, at other times at irregular intervals and with the free variety of order, almost complete chaos, peculiar to the appearance of stars and the constellations visible at night from earth in different parts of the sky.

All the external appearances of the Wilderness of the Diakka impress the observer with its mysterious and intensely occult character.

For years I permitted no appropriate chance of investigation to escape me; and from time to time my perseverance and industry (clairvoyantly speaking) has been suitably rewarded. Not satisfied with observation from the more agreeable places in the Summerland, and as a rule carefully closing my mind to the hints and suggestions of associates, I have penetrated into the recesses of that mysterious realm, and have explored many of its sad human experiences.

In this pamphlet I am admonished to condense whole volumes into pages, and to crowd histories of persons into paragraphs.

The country of the Diakka, then, in a sentence, is (to give you my own definition) a Garden of Eden, to call it by no harsher name, where the morally deficient and the affectionally unclean enter upon a *strange probationary life*.

Reverting for a moment to its magnitude (supposing it were a complete belt of country, instead of only a third in the form of a semi-circle) it would require * not less than one million eight hundred and three thousand and twenty-six diameters of the earth to measure the longitudinal extent of the celestial wilderness.

The name it bears signifies rather the interior character of its inhabitants than the shape or external appearance

* Here I give the figures of my friend James Victor Wilson, a profound and accurate mathematician.

of the country. (I apply the term "country" in conformity with the ordinary use of language.)

Having investigated for myself I am no longer surprised at the name, "*Draco Major*," which a celebrated astronomer gave to my friend Wilson, when he had returned from his extended travels among the Diakka. This startling epithet tells the whole story at once—

"Sparing no idol, great nor small;
Passing one sentence on them all."

Here, for a brief moment, it is deemed important to digress, and introduce the circumstances of the long-expected visit from my celestial friend, whose name I have already written. Soon after entering upon this new enterprise* in behalf of Human Progress in Spiritual Ideas, about six o'clock in the evening of the sixth of March, 1873, while walking alone up and down the floor, thinking about how to arrange the shelving and furniture for the new Bookstore, the ringing of the outside bell induced me to unfasten the front door. There stood an occupant of an upper story, who, having forgotten his pass key, was unable to enter; he thanked me for opening the door, and immediately went upstairs to his apartment. But something induced me to examine the bell-knobs arranged in the door-frame for the tenants of the several floors. While thus engaged, my back to the street and aside from the vestibule, I felt a warm wind (quite *unlike* the cold air of March) pene-

* Meaning the opening of a "Progressive Publishing House," at No. 24 East Fourth Street, in the city of New York.

trate my garments, fanning the surface of my body, which naturally induced me to look around suddenly. But I saw nothing that could have caused the surprising and agreeable sensation. Then I re-entered the store. On turning to close the door, which I had unwittingly left open behind me, O, glad was my soul! for there smilingly before me stood my faithful young friend, formerly an occasional associate during his residence upon earth—James Victor Wilson.

What happened during this visitation need not be recorded in this place.

Just one month after, on the sixth of April, Sunday evening about nine o'clock, opposite 1120 Broadway, as I was returning from a protracted walk, a telegram from Victor said—“*Meet me on the evening of the 18th in your own place.*” *

All the working hours of these days were devoted to the organization of business in our new Publishing House; so much so, in fact, that, amid the multiplicity of “things” and consequent “cares,” my memory seemed to have lost the date fixed in the telegram for the next visitation. Then, again, such a visit seemed impracticable, because our business apartments and living rooms were limited, leaving to me no actual place of isolation wherein I might receive and hold a lengthened conversation with such a guest. But the difficulty was practically solved, and very naturally, too, without any thought on my part, in this way: My

* A telegram from a person in the Summerland is a pulsation (in my case) on the left temple imparting words inwardly to the mind.

beloved companion, to whom I had said nothing concerning Victor's intended third visit, one morning said she "felt like going out to Orange" (our place of residence for thirteen years), and added that, if she did not return by the six o'clock P.M. train, I need not look for her until the following day. She did not return, and thus I was alone. About eleven o'clock that same night, a loud rapping was heard on the door at the rear end of the hall. On my opening it Victor entered; and together we proceeded into the room. He stood by my side as I sat by the table, with pencil and paper prepared, and thus we enjoyed a protracted conversation.* The following is but an outline report, not including anything which passed during his first visit, save one or two important references to things yet to come.

"The Diakka!" said he; "what would you know of them?"

I looked up at his bright dimpled face, and replied—"If possible, I would have you remove the veil of mystery from that people."

"There is no mystery to divulge. A Diakka means a person with an occult temperament; often polished and dignified; with propensities bubbling from a fountain-head of overcharged self-consciousness."

"Perhaps, Victor," I said, "your language does not inform me correctly. Do I understand you?"

"A Diakka is one," he continued, "who takes insane delight in playing parts, in juggling tricks, in person-

* This conversation was mostly mental; but frequently each spoke audibly, like one "talking to himself."

ating opposite characters; to whom prayers and profane utterances are of equi-value; surcharged with a passion for lyrical narrations; one whose every attitude is instinct with the schemes of specious reasoning, sophistry, pride, pleasure, wit, subtle convivialities; a boundless disbeliever, one who thinks that all private life will end in the all-consuming self-love of God."

"Why, Victor!" I exclaimed, "do I understand you to say that a Diakka—now an inhabitant of the spirit-world (as men term it)—is one who believes in ultimate annihilation?"

"Intellectually," he replied, "an inhabitant of the belt called *Draco Major* may be a Bacon, a Byron, a Shakspeare; but, being morally deficient, is without the active feelings of justice, philanthropy, or tender affection. He knows (by feeling) nothing of what men call the sentiment of gratitude; the ends of hate and love are the same to him; his motto is often fearful and terrible to others—SELF is the whole of private living, and exalted annihilation the end of all private life. Only yesterday, one said to a lady medium, signing himself Swedenborg, this: 'Whatsoever is, has been, will be, or may be, *that* I AM; and private life is but the aggregative phantasms of thinking throblots rushing in their rising onward to the central heart of eternal death!'"

At this point in our conversation my recollection brought among my thoughts a droll narrative of a "Visit to the City of Notsob," which, months before, I had written partly to gratify a good-humored, satirical

spirit-guest, who wanted to be known only as "David Exodus," affirming as his reason therefore that he would otherwise be recognized by many of the citizens, which he particularly wished to prevent. Victor immediately smiled and said: "He was a Diakka!"

"That explains much," I replied. For whenever he entered my room in Orange, although singing and looking radiant in a rosy robe, with a delicate feathery ornament upon his head, yet more than once I was almost overcome with a faint exhalation, as from a mass of noisome vegetation mingled with an odor slightly like the vapor arising from ammonia.

"Strange birds of inversions!" said Victor. "He was until recently a Diakka."

"What shall I do with the narrative?" I asked. Victor replied, in substance, that its publication would serve a good purpose—to teach people how they seem to an invisible visitor and observer—and, meantime, rebuke the conceits of materialists who decide, in the face of facts, against the possibilities of an existence after death.

"But, Victor," said I, "there is much of other matters in his narrative."

"He is no longer a Diakka," replied my gentle visitor; "and yet, in the frolicsome sensuousness of his trips and expressions, the people will discern somewhat of the mental estate from which he is now almost wholly redeemed."

This last word caused me to ask: "Then it is possible to escape from the country of the Diakka?"

"Providence, as men call the beneficent and omni-

scient government of the spiritual universe, dooms no soul to an inversionary existence."

As Victor spoke, I gazed upon his beautiful youthful face. Never before beamed such ineffable joy through the countenance of a celestial visitor. His eyes shone with an inward gratitude which filled him with inexpressible delight.

"A Diakka," he added, "is an unbalanced, not an evil person—he wanders in his own congenial forest, never resting, never satisfied with life, often amusing himself with jugglery and tricky witticisms, invariably victimizing others; secretly tormenting mediums, causing them to exaggerate in speech, and to falsify by acts; unlocking and unbolting the street doors of your bosom and memory; pointing your feet into wrong paths, and far more; nevertheless, the good physicians of love and the ministers of truth labor among the Diakka (the numerous angel women as missionaries far exceed the men); so that in time each and all is reached and delivered from the dense wilderness of discord into which circumstances and a voluntary yielding to wrong inclinations primarily consigned them."

"Friend Wilson," said I, "do you feel at liberty to answer me this question, namely: 'Have you knowledge of any class in the Summerland, or of persons once men and women in mortal bodies, located anywhere, who are essentially more evil or more inverted in character than the Diakka?'"

"Swedenborg," he replied, "was a philosopher, and wrote as a philosopher should write, an hundred years

before his arrival here. His spiritual illumination did not extinguish the sub-lights kindled by his previous reasonings. Guided by his natural lights," Victor continued, "the noble Seer wrote with profound truth that 'hell' and 'heaven' signify mental states—thus: A man governed by selfishness, who takes delight, and that continually, in sensual thoughts, and in the incessant and supreme gratification of evil affections, is in hell, in which he is, to a certain degree, happy; and this describes, in general terms, the condition of the Diakka; from which condition, by help of the Divine Mercies as communicated by and through the missionaries of unselfishness and heavenly loves, the inhabitants of the mental wilderness come forth, one by one, as the will and affections of each choose the good and reject the evil; and thus there is under the Divine government a constant and perpetual process of universal salvation from a place and situation which *you* would feel to be a boundless and insupportable hell; and while the various inferior earths in the universe are constantly and every moment supplying the innumerable realm of the Diakka (this term meaning mental antagonisms, or minds with cross purposes), the angels of redemptive love are constantly and beautifully at work in that realm, changing the disposition and destiny of persons there consociated by force of attraction, and every moment bringing some soul out of darkness into the heavenly light."

The foregoing is as near as possible in Victor's own words. Very many other things were spoken of during

this interview, but they do not belong in this pamphlet. Before introducing the Diakka's story, however, I but obey my impression, endorsed by the best conclusion of my reason, when I affirm, what by observation I have been long familiar with, that a very large proportion of *discordant* and *repulsive* and *false* experiences in Spiritualism is to be explained by admitting into your hypothesis a *fact*, namely : that the Diakka are continually victimizing sensitive persons, making sport of them, and having a jolly laughing "time" at the expense of really honest and sincere people, including mediums, whom they especially take delight in psychologizing and dispossessing of the use of will. There is no kind of alleged obsession, no species of assumed witchcraft, no phase of religious insanity where such psychology is not possible.

The remedy consists in the knowledge. Remove the mystery of spiritual intercourse, and you remove the danger. No person of ordinary judgment, with *will* enough to draw a pail of water, or to walk a mile up hill, need complain that he cannot overcome the influence of a Diakka. They at most can do nothing more than confuse your thoughts, break up the lines of your memory, mingle their inclinations with your own, and psychologize your nervous and muscular systems. If you yield, in your moments of curiosity or when morally weak, you cannot escape legitimate punishment. If you walk one mile with your enemy, he will try to force you to go twain ; gratify his trifling impertinence for thirty minutes, and he may try to exhibit you as a

- ✕ fool to your neighbors during the ensuing thirty days.
- ✘ Beware of the "first false step!"

It seems that in the Summerland the police regulations are based upon the principle of securing the enjoyment of the utmost personal freedom, including privileges and opportunities not conflicting with the exercise of the utmost personal freedom on the part of every other; so that, even the intellectually gifted and witty and tricky Diakka, with their known deficiencies in the higher moral principles of character, are not restrained in their visits to earth, because personal education through experience, is a part of the scheme of developing personal *responsibility*.

All the splendid livery of the terrestrial landscape, with its æolian music and sweet sympathies, with its sylvan sensuousness and inscrutable ways, are not unknown in the high country of the Diakka. When you go into their wonderful wilderness you find yourself in a garden of beauty. The Divine Love and wisdom are there, shining in splendor from the sad-leaved trees, and tremblingly emanating from the feathery and downy grasses that carpet the beautiful land. The trees resemble in their foliage our pine and fir, which have the effect to cast a wonderful golden shade throughout the entire realm; and yet the light of the upper sky perpetually shines through everything, and far down into the very foundations of the land beneath the people; and thus, although there is an amazing solemnity and a tearful sadness and melancholy murmur over all, magnetically subduing the egotistic extrav-

agances and dire witticisms of the inhabitants, yet travelers from other countries* enter the society of the enlightened Diakka, and enjoy their life and scenery as you would a picnic, in the free, artless spontaneity of innocence and childhood.

BIOGRAPHICAL ITEMS.

Of the narrator, whose drolleries fill the following pages, the author learned of Victor, this:

He was born in Old Cambridge, Mass. Entered Harvard, and became a Divinity student with the solemn intention of becoming a Unitarian minister. Theodore Parker's theological ideas had, however, attracted his profoundest attention; and, after considerable reading and reflection, his mind passed through an entire revolution on the subject of religion. His new convictions made him excessively unpopular with the professors; and among the students with whom he frequently discussed theological points, he was treated disdainfully. In a few months he left the Divinity School and entered upon a mercantile pursuit in Boston. He was successful until the beginning of the great Rebellion. Stricken with a serious business disaster, and prostrated soon after by a severe inflammation, his will and ambition gave way, and, through death, he became a citizen of the Summerland.

From Victor, the author further ascertained that,

* Of this I have been assured by Victor and others, at different times.

when in youthful years, this ex-divinity student and himself were intimate and devoted friends. They corresponded upon religious and other subjects while yet in their teens. Upon the sacred altar of friendship they mutually pledged to each other eternal fidelity. They even pledged that in case of painful misfortune or accident, they would aid and stand faithfully by each other. But time, with its changes, separated these mutual young friends. Victor confessed that for several years after his own departure from earth, he did not even make the attempt to seek out the friend of his youth ; and thus remained in ignorance of his situation and condition, until, while on the Isle of Akropanamede, one came to him and requested a moment's interview. A flash of intuition revealed to Victor the presence of the companion of his boyhood years ! They embraced. Immediately they began a delightful conversation, during which Victor, for the first time, ascertained to his astonishment that his friend had been, from the day of his death until that moment, sojourning among the Diakka. The explanation was that, in consequence of his peculiar mental state and disposition, the people of the Wilderness strongly attracted him. His visit to Boston, to the Free Religious Conference, to the Woman's Conventions, and to other places, was his first approach since his death, to familiar scenes and persons.

Just here I ask you to observe how this invisible visitor seems to make himself one of the *visible* company. Another point: His indifference to all religious sentimentality, his scornfulness (expressed in terms of mirth-

ful innuendoes) of everything like faith and hope—his subtle scepticism of the Divine existence; notwithstanding all which we are given to understand that he has undergone a moral purgation, and is henceforth free from the world of the Diakka.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

In closing these prefatory remarks, the author will say, founded upon his most careful investigations, that the evil forces of human selfishness are not confined in their effects to men's individual lives. Under the control, or rather by permission, of superior minds the Diakka play important parts in great assaults upon bad governments, upon pernicious organized customs, upon evil social conditions, and frequently upon religious errors and superstitions. But for these spiritual freebooters little progress would be made. The evil communications of the meddling minds are, in time, completely overruled for good. Because Good and not Evil, is POSITIVE. [The selfishness of the unredeemed carpets the floors of the coming temple of Humanity.]

According to the Scriptures there are "many mansions" in the celestial Heaven, signifying the manifold families and associations into which the Summerland populations are naturally divided and subdivided; not antagonistically as popular orthodox minds are taught to imagine; but these communities differ only as "one star differeth from another" as to size, position, function, and glory. And here, regarding the use of in-

tercourse, the words of a high-minded Spirit (through the tongue of the entranced Mr. Home) seem most appropriate:

“ At present we have so little power, can do so very little; our very language cannot convey to you what we fain would wish to say; your language is too imperfect, you cannot understand us. The germs of all are in all—only undeveloped. Why do you quarrel with your weaker brethren? Withdraw not the hand you have stretched out in aid; let it rest, and blessings will come; withdraw it harshly, and the briars and thorns of passion will lacerate. We know not of time in the sense you speak of it; to us yesterday, and to-day, and the morrow are all one; bear in mind that had spiritual life hours, days, years, or even ages, our souls would weary, tire; but we never weary, for in our spiritual life the principle of the eternal breathes everlasting existence. We are not perfect; we, too, have work to do, *to elevate ourselves*; we also work to elevate others, to draw you upwards and onwards, so to speak, by magnetic attraction. It is one of our great duties to be constantly watching over you—to guide you in your aspirations upwards to God. Our love, our sympathy, our fellow-feelings are with you; we never, never weary; we do not judge you; God alone judges you. We were once as you; therefore who are fitter to be your associates than we who have passed through the ordeal of development you have to pass through? You ask why we always speak of love; it is because love brings us to you.”

A DIAKKA'S STORY OF HIS VISIT TO THE CITY OF NOTSOB.

THE city of the sagacious and wealthy Notsobians had been for a long time attracting the narrator like a mountain of loadstone. He was, for years after leaving the earth, a constant prey to the invasions and stormy suggestiveness of this marvellous terrestrial attraction. But he steadily and courageously withstood the distracting temptation, until every objection and every obstacle to the journey appeared to have vanished. Whereupon, after employing a period in singing hymns and in supplicating for protection from the dangers and enemies that might beset the way, he provided himself with only the common necessaries, then girded on his armor for a trip earthward, and with great cunning concealed every distinguishing mark or hint of his rank, association, and quality.

Thus he set out for the great terrestrial city.

Fortunately, at an early hour in the morning, when he was fully on the descending way, he suddenly observed a connected company of travellers also bound on a journey to earth.

Addressing himself to the foremost man, who was guiding the others—

“Sir,” he said, “in exchange for the promised hospitalities of my country, will you grant me a position in one of your lines as far as the great city of Notsob?” The gentleman gracefully bowed, and replied, “Believe me, sir, in consequence of the duration and importance of the journey, which we have but this moment undertaken, much danger and inconvenience will be spared you by securing for yourself a place in our beautiful march.” A remarkable smile of winsome kindness shone upon his face, and the narrator permitted himself to be unreservedly allured by the stranger’s personal charms. Upon his garments were visible minute figures, pictures, and other strange devices, peculiar to his position and society. He assigned to him an easy place in the magnificent chariot drawn by a mighty magnet consisting of high purposes.

“O Genesis!” exclaimed the narrator, as he buckled on his armor, grasped his share of the common necessities, and stepped from the line about five leagues from the city. Approaching the depot wherein travellers alight from the cars, he observed many warlike citizens drawn up in battle array. Each was armed with a frightful-looking long whip; each also had a certain number engraved upon plates of silver, which were ingeniously fixed upon their hatbands; and with a persuasive countenance, each shouted at the passing stranger, “Have a coach, sir?” There was, however, on the part of these whip-armed soldiers no breach of the rules of honor and dignity, and many of them seemed desirous to pursue their calling merely as a punishment for

some wickedness of which they had been adjudged guilty. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that these Ishmaelites were condemned to this degree of daily servitude because that they were guilty of "the crime of poverty!" Moreover, the narrator for himself soon discovered that there were many pious and faithful in the great city who had been condemned in a similar manner by the rich, the idle, and the powerful.

Now the narrator vehemently prayed to be endowed with the judicial wisdom of Ahithophel, the great counsellor and minister of war in the house of Absalom; inasmuch as he had no sooner descended into the street, than a peculiar infatuation possessed his heart, and it blinded his eyes so that he was sorely puzzled; the nature of which was, that his eyes seemed to behold a great number of streets leading away here and there, in directions altogether contradictory and impenetrable; all of which had the effect to perplex and overpower his mind with the puzzling infatuation to immediately proceed down each street at one and the same time, which seemed the only sure and short way to his destination.

Perplexed by the subtleties thus practised by the Athenians, he did not know his right hand from his left, nor whether to follow his left foot or his right; for, strange to tell, each of his feet was seized with the wicked infatuation to go off in opposite streets at the same moment; so that the judicial abilities of an Ahithophel were more to be desired than all the wealth and honor of the Scribes and Pharisees.

At this moment, a person of military bearing, in blue

coat and brass buttons, approached with a dignified and magnificent step; whom the narrator, with great presence of mind, at once concluded was one of the proprietors of the great and powerful city of Notsob; under which conviction he addressed him: "Sir, a serious misfortune has this moment befallen me. I implore you, I entreat you, sir, to direct my steps to some hospitable house."

The captain of the guard, thinking that he heard the voice of a man, replied with exceeding bigness of voice and ponderous gravity of manner, "With pleasure, sir." (Looking at a man standing on the sidewalk near him.) "Proceed up that street" (pointing to the left) "three blocks; then take your right hand some twenty-eight yards, which carries you into 42° N. lat. x 70° W. long.; the next street's name will remind you of the father of his country; then, by inquiring amongst the citizens, you may learn anything that anybody knows in any part of the world."

This delightful information filled the narrator with delicious and springlike feelings. He for a moment wished for pieces of gold with which to reward the magnificent captain; happily, however, the officer had "moved on," leaving his mistake wholly undiscovered; and thus the narrator was left quite at liberty to pursue his explorations amid alternate chilling winter blasts and oppressive summer heats, but without in the least feeling them; meanwhile enjoying the indescribable eccentricity of the thoughts and motives behind the quiet faces of the citizens.

Time rapidly passed, as it always does when one is busy; minutes melted and vanished into hours, until two whole days were forever gone, which is nothing to an eternal mind. The narrator entered an inn kept by a publican for the entertainment of travellers. "This place," thought the narrator, "would have delighted Bagoses himself. Exterior to its tinted walls, and beyond its green blinds, the room of the wide sphere is immense; a great world embellished with twinkling stars, arranged with wondrous wisdom in a blending canopy of blue and gold."

It happened one morning, as the narrator was investigating humanity beneath the great trees, in front of the temple wherein the State governors and commanders often assemble, he was approached by a Ptolemy of the West, who, with the epitome of good manners, said: "About an hour hence there will be a meeting of the Sages of Notsob. I have a ticket of admission sanctioned by one of the chief sages; and if it be your pleasure, sir, I will conduct you into the presence of the wise ones."

This mental offer was with gratitude accepted, and together we entered the hospitable residence of an illustrious and wealthy citizen. We were soon established as guests among the magi of the great city. It was with difficulty that the narrator believed himself to be invisible to the eyes of those about him. Besides the remarkable sages themselves, there were present many guests of rank and renown, a goodly number of Ptolemaic women, several distinguished Ahithophels,

four members of the Sanhedrim who were just recovering from the disease of idolatry, and three great Hlubopolitans who had outlived the captivity of Theology into which they were born. Each had apparently committed some serious wrong, too deep to be mitigated by the Divine compassion, and, as a just punishment, each pair of eyes was clothed with and hidden by glasses curiously arranged in frames of steel, silver, and gold. The women appeared like the sybils and prophetesses of the days of Jacob, the very man who buried the gods of Laban which Rachel had stolen, and the very man who offered sacrifices in Bethel, in accord with the visions and dreams he had had when he went first into Mesopotamia.

STORY OF THE FIRST SAGE.

The sage who spoke first was but thirty minutes from the city of the vast temples of learning, whose inhabitants display an amazing insensibility to the eminent men who expedite culture and overthrow impediments to individual greatness. This, the first sage, said: "Grant me one favor, that you will hear my story, and then judge whether I be in the right or in the wrong."

A consenting silence reigned throughout the comfortable house of ancient times and modern adjuncts. In this silence he began a strange recital of transformations, a story of marvellous events continued through a rosary of successive ages, by which a protoplasmic

paste was fashioned into myriads of living creatures. "These creations were the Moseses, the Abrahams, the Isaacs, the Jacobs, the Joshuas, and the Eleazars of the innumerable generations that came after them out of the super-vitalized paste. The chief centres from which the successive generations came, corresponded to the ten cities which Moses caused to be builded for the Levites. In this order he found authority in a modern Zelophehad, an eminent man, in the land of Victoria, called Darwin, so that the centres of Bezer, Ramoth, and Golan were no longer attractive unto him. Whereupon he (the sage) made haste for the divine habitations of full-grown men and women. Among these he found evidences that once upon an immense mass of time the people lived in caves, and involuntarily walked upon all fours, not knowing the difference between a new-fledged liberal republican and an old-line democrat; a time when unmarried women were childless and single men were wifeless; a time long before the flood was thought of as a political expedient for equalizing the rights and privileges of both sexes as a reward for their horrid wickedness; a time when a father often died from three to five years before the birth of his last child; in short, a time when marrying was confined to the heads of tribes and families, who resolved upon preserving the blood pure and undefiled, and free from the Israelitish rascalities which vaccination perpetuated, in the form of plagues and great pimples on the faces of the most beautiful Egyptians. Sixty-nine thousand beeves, seventy-five thousand

sheep, and four hundred thousand asses, with immense quantities of hay, oats, corn, and gold and silver, patent mowing inventions, four hundred best Beckwith ten-dollar sewing-machines, two ham-strung Colibri pianos, and twenty thousand teeth extracted by Colton from the mouth of the whale that swallowed Prof. Jonah. By the flood which overwhelmed the inhabitants and killed all the troglodytes, whereby everybody and everything was destroyed, excepting a few of the better breed of asses ; after which came generations upon generations of idolaters, Digger-Indians, Dutchmen flying with long pipes in their mouths, wealthy Jews with jewels in every pocket, scissor-grinders, and priests who employed their leisure hours in grinding the faces of the poor. This will account for the exceedingly *thin* and *sharp* expression which envious poor people audaciously turn toward the rich and comfortably rotund."

For an hour and more the first sage thus discoursed. Tears filled the eyes of many Hubopolitans when he had finished. But there immediately arose another and much older magi, with huge glasses shielding his brilliant eyes ; he had a long white beard, and snowy curls falling in high-art about his broad shoulders. He said : " Although the story you have just heard is strange and transcendental, yet it is as nothing compared with what I have to relate. If it be the pleasure of this sagacious company, I will immediately begin my story, which, with your indulgence and permission, I will call, " Steps of Belief ; or, Rational Christianity Maintained against Atheism, Free Religion, and Romanism." On

hearing these strange words, there was a simultaneous movement among all the sages and guests. Several opened their mouths extremely wide, as if to yawn; all with one accord crossed their legs in an opposite direction; then they sat bowed down with thought while they listened to the story of the second sage.

Thus concluded the first interview. In private conference the narrator assured me that the Diakka country in the Summerland was populated with persons in every grade of society, and from every part of the world. He acknowledged, in answer to a question of mine, that while many Diakka were proud and high-minded, their great intelligence was of an exceptional character, being associated with imposture, deception, and delusion. Next morning he came again and related

THE STORY OF THE SECOND SAGE.

“I was born,” began the wise man, “of rich but honest parents. My grandfather was one of the most famous ministers in the land of Notsob. Observing that I possessed a tenacious excitability and great quickness of perception, my family, with wonderful prodigality of means, procured for me many famous savans who taught me science, the fine arts, and all knowledge of the basis, precepts, and comprehensive principles of our religion. Religion, however, absorbed all my thoughts, and in the presence of the most learned and gifted, I resolved to leave the *credo* of my forefathers and make a journey into the country of Monotheopolitans, not far from No-Man’s-land on the shore of the great Sea of Atheism, which by many strangers is imagined

to be a far greater waste of water than the Asphaltum Lake covering Sodom."

While the Second Sage was thus speaking, a noise of many voices was heard at the door. The beautiful lady of the house hastened to see what was happening; when the name of the Grand President of the free religious magi was announced; at which many sages and the chief prophetesses arose from the cushioned sofas, and with graceful genuflections (talking and whispering were both prohibited), and thus all in silence welcomed the formidable Master. There was no shaking of the house as by an earthquake, neither were there peals on peals of thunder, nor did the fierce lightning flash athwart the sky. No sooner were all seated with one knee resting upon its fellow, and as quickly as the metal and glass and like harnesses over each pair of eyes were once more properly adjusted, than the distinguished sage continued in these words:

"Arrived among the monotheopolitans, I set about using the qualities of earnestness and industry which I had inherited, and soon became noted and courted by the respectable and influential. My intellect was naturally eclectic and aggressive, and never suffered the least inconvenience by maintaining that two contradictory propositions are both true and both false. My mentally acrobatic fame went before me, and whichever way I travelled, whether forward or backward, or from side to side, I was sure to be accosted with salutations of joy, and reproached with wavering from the faith of my fathers.

“One day a great Minister from the vast and rich country of the Polytheopolitans, (which is the kingdom sought by all pilgrims from the land of Budda and the Orient), insisted that I should then and there relate the outline of my journeyings. ‘Religion,’ said I to him, ‘consists of an indefinite something which we will call spirit, which is rational Christianity, as opposed to the romantic or catholic Letter which killeth; step by step,’ said I to the learned querist, ‘I travelled from the immense objective country of the Letter to the imperishable subjective land of the Spirit; but in entering the land of Spirit, I was compelled to run hazardous risks, when journeying from No-Man’s-land wherein exists sure Theism, to One-Man’s-land, wherein abideth pure Atheism, and thence to Rich-Man’s-land, wherein is found popular Protestantism; but, Heaven be praised! here at last I am in the country of reverence, faith, obedience, gratitude, hope, and love—the rich and non-immortal land of the monotheopolitans.’”

The sage was here interrupted by a white-haired prophetess, who asked,—“Pray, sir, how is it that the citizens of your wealthy land are numbered among the non-immortal?”

“Because we utterly refuse to search with our five senses for signs and symbols. Evidence through Bud-distic materialities we will not receive. Such gods as houses, stones, images, talking horns, tipping tables, writing on the arm, ghosts of dead men!! our citizens, with their extremely tenacious excitabilities in the most cultured parts of the brain, reject such signs of im-

mortal life. Wherefore it is granted unto us that we *die perfectly dead* at the end and thus achieve the whole purpose of our present being." *

At this saying all the sages with one accord lifted the metal-and-glass hampers from before their eyes. Then they crossed their legs over to the other side ; while not

* A writer in the *Day Break*, issued February 7, 1873, meets this point, thus : That the educated materialists of the Caucasian race cannot arrogate to themselves a monopoly of thought on the material plane, may be gathered from the valuable narrative of the hero of the day, Mr. H. M. Stanley, in his book, lately published, "How I Found Livingstone." The following replies to Mr. Stanley, from a black man of the land of Mgogo, are so like the style of argument held by some of his Caucasian brothers, that we are led to the conclusion that we are all more or less in a state of infancy, and that there are two classes of opinions the opposite of each other all the world over : each class much alike everywhere, the only difference being in the greater art of putting an opinion attained by the higher or more educated races.

Here is the dialogue between Mr. Stanley and a Mgogo man :

"Who do you suppose made your parents ?"

"Why, Mulungu, white man."

"Well, who made you ?"

"If God made my father, God made me, didn't he ?"

"That's very good. Where do you suppose your father is gone to, now that he is dead ?"

"The dead die," said he solemnly, "they are no more. The sultan dies—he becomes nothing ; he is then no better than a dead dog, he is finished, his words are finished—there are no words from him. It is *true*," he added, seeing a smile on my face, "the sultan becomes nothing. He who says other words is a liar. There !"

"Then he is a very great man, is he not ?"

"While he lives only ; after death he goes into the pit, and there s no more to be said of him than of any other man."

a few caressed their knees and combed their beards with their nervous fingers; meanwhile all participated in smiling ineffably into the very eyes of the Grand President, whose face seemed pale and furrowed with mingled emotions of gratitude, doubt, joy, and despair. (The narrator here mentioned the lofty absurdity of the reasoning which denied at once his own existence and the world which he had but just left behind him!)

And yet the second sage proceeded: "Religion, wherever you find it, as far as it goes, is always one and the same; and this pleasing aspiration called 'immortality,' has little to do with its progressive development or application to life. A Mussulman is governed by a religious philosophy as high as the cultured rationalists of Notsob. The poet Shiraz, the famous Hafiz of the Orient, taught the golden rule in these appealing lines:

"Learn from yon orient shell to love thy foe,
 And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;
 Free, like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,
 Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side;
 Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
 With fruit nectarious, or the balmy flower;
 All nature cries aloud, shall man do less
 Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?"

"Thus," the sage continued, "the unity of the spirit of religion is apparent through all the letters and organizations with which it may perchance be encompassed."

At this moment one distinguished Hubopolitan, a scholar and a man gifted in the lore of the transcen-

dentalists, declared himself dissatisfied. He said it was "an insupportable misfortune to be so spiritual, so filled with the riches of conservative forces and correlative subjectivities, as not to inherit an immortal existence. Cries of alarm should be raised. For one, I must be permitted to believe that my 'aspiration for immortality' is somewhat more inherent and prophetic than the noble sage would have me think. My own longings teach me that the 'idea' of living after death is not to be eliminated by cultivation of my intellectual powers. I am far too devotedly in love with God to admit that, in my constitution, He has cunningly fixed a flattery and a deception, which continually whispers that 'I shall never die,' but which by the processes of true culture, and through generations of time, shall nevertheless be eliminated from my mind, and at last rejected, even as an inherited and foolish superstition."

The assemblage now began to resemble a council of war. A disturbing influence like the disorder of Herod filtered through the feelings of the learned men. One of the most agreeable and the sweetest of the prophetesses, who looked enough perfect to be the wife of Cæsar, raised her eyebrows and chin, and opened her winsome mouth and said: "The son of the high-priest Jehoiada, whose name was Zachariah, was ordered by a Jewish King to be stoned to death in the temple, simply because that prophet had bravely given good counsel to the people and to the King. Zachariah thus suffered for saying things not agreeable, for prophesying heavy punishments to befall those who

did wickedly. And now, it seems, because a sage tells his story without flattering our vanity or approving our pleasing sentiments, he is, forsooth, to be stoned to death by the spiritualists who feel an affront!"

Here the prophetess smoothed her wrinkled front and composed herself with matronly reserve and dignity. And for a time no one opened his mouth. Presently she resumed: "We stumble over the ground because it is *new* ground. We see before us new difficulties at the opening of every new path. We are confronted with two new questions. One is called Materialism, the other, Spiritualism. The first places supreme authority in matter and force; the other in an indefinite something, call it what you will, say 'Spiritual Manifestations.' In the scheme of progress it is but natural to expect the ignorant to look upon miracles as the divine credentials, even as a serpent, a calf, a crocodile, or as a shell full of graven images may stand for so many gods and intelligent providences in the land of the heathen. For one I quite agree with the sage, and look gladly forward to the day when from my imagination the sentimental longing for personal immortality will be eliminated."

All at once four men stood up to speak. One appeared like a shipwrecked king, or like an astrologer recently recovered from a desert island, or a specimen dervish, or perchance a mendicant friar of Europe. (The narrator remarked, aside, that he himself mixed and muddled up this man's thoughts.) The appearance of this learned man caused the others who had arisen

to return to their former places. At this he made a low bow in token of thanks for their obliging manners toward him.

“Speaking of horses,” he began, “a thought struck me that there is a kinship between men and horses, or rather between mankind and the docile brutes who serve us; and it occurred to me that I may have been a horse myself, or rather, when I am driving and whipping a horse, that I may be driving and whipping some very dear friend of mine who died years ago; and it also occurred to me that it should be unlawful to abuse a dumb beast, inasmuch as one and the same spirit fills a man and the animal, and a wrong done to the one is a wrong committed against the other. This doctrine of Metempsychosis is no proof of my mental unsoundness,” he continued; “here is transmigration argued by a learned law-giver, who showeth that my mind is not necessarily insane because of my belief. This belief is what is known as metempsychosis, which, simply stated, is a speculation as to the destiny of the soul after death, and is urged as an evidence of the insanity of the speaker. To no human being has been given the positive knowledge of an existence after death. The instincts of the human mind prompt us to believe, or at least to hope, that, although there may be a death of the body, yet that there is an intellectual or spiritual part of our nature which survives in some form or other. But, in a logical sense, there is no *major premiss* of knowledge; it is, to all of us, either a matter of speculation, or a belief, based on the religious doctrines or tenets which

we accept. The world is divided into many sects, each sect presenting a creed more or less different, as to a future state. This very doctrine, metempsychosis, as shown in my case, has been believed in by Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the ancient philosophers and sages of the East, and even in modern times by intellectual, wise, and good men, and is at this day accepted by a larger portion of the human race on the globe at large than that which reject it. Moreover, if a Court is to ascribe insanity to a man, or a class of men constituting a sect, on account of his or their opinion or belief as to a future state, and a particular sect had, in fact, attained to a real knowledge of the future, the logical deduction would necessarily be that a major portion of mankind, comprised in all other and different sects, were of unsound mind, or monomaniacs on that subject.

“Now,” he continued, “the good man Jehoshaphat, who was once a great king, and who was most mysteriously succeeded by his son, Jehoram, and who was entombed in royal style in Jerusalem, might have been a better man, notwithstanding he had faithfully imitated many of the actions of David, if he had never planned a battle, ate fresh meat, whipped a horse, smoked segars, or imbibed immense quantities of Old Kentucky. My conclusion therefore, is: be kind to animals, because they may be our relatives.”

With these words the shipwrecked king, who had the look of a sheikh, regained his seat on the sofa. Notwithstanding all the care exercised by the magi, yet

two of them and the prophetess smiled a smile that was a considerable distance across. But the Great President did not smile, neither did he longer remain seated, but made a motion signifying his wish to be heard. Wherefore you will now read the

STORY OF THE THIRD SAGE.

“If the narrations so far have greatly excited your wonder,” he began, “then your amazement will know no bounds when you shall hear what I have to relate. At some things said here I have been excessively astonished, and I confess that in every word I have found either hint or fact, by which I may derive wisdom. But I have exalted my sails and put to sea too many times to be alarmed by rolling billows or flashing tempests. I entreat you all, both prophetesses and magi, to hear what I have to say.”

The sages looked inquiringly at each other, and the women seemed uneasy, as if they were about to hear some unpleasant intelligence; but they all took a different hitch in their chairs, looked up good-naturedly through their spectacles, and thus signified their readiness to listen.

Three days intervened. On the morning of the fourth day, “David Exodus”—alias “Loga”—alias “Boston John”—alias “Wm. Henry Cambridge”—reappeared with his pure Oriental features, rather dark visage, olive complexion, bright piercing eye, twinkling with subtle wit; and immediately there entered the room a girl full of the freshness and loveliness of childhood; her light golden hair in profusion curling around the forehead and flowing in wavy ringlets over her rounded neck and shoulders; a face beautiful with laughing dimples; her attractive countenance delicately veiled with an ex-

pression of singular tenderness; a graceful and healthy beauty in her every gesture and bodily movement. This saving angel, his redeeming guardian, looked at him for a moment, then stretched out her hand yearningly toward him, which he tenderly covered with his own, his eyes speaking volumes of love and gratitude. It was not consistent at that moment to ask him to let me understand the object of her appearance by his side. But I had a conviction (subsequently confirmed) that her influence upon him was that of truth and love exerted upon a mind abandoned to self-gratification in trifling with what millions of earthly minds deem sacred, sad, and momentous. He proceeded as follows:—

SPEECH OF THE THIRD SAGE.

“My forefathers,” he began, “were ministers of our holy religion. So were all my foremothers also ministers. These ministered unto their husbands, even as the latter ministered unto the people; and in me you observe the combined administrations of the whole line of ministering ministers.

“Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, I have inherited the trait of strict honesty; and along with much that is aristocratic and exclusive, I find in me a strong tendency to personal freedom and honorable independence. All my misfortunes have arisen from this tendency, which, in the face of a proud ancestry, and against the wishes of living relatives and many famous men in the ministry, I have spared no pains to gratify. Ministers, as you are very well aware, are born with a veil over their faces. They also inherit spectacles, wife, children, houses, and lands; hence they are half-blind at birth, and see things through their delicate imaginations, as if peering ‘through a glass darkly.’ The highest Pisgah peak is the point where self-annihilation

is evolved from their inner consciousness. This was my first misfortune."

The sage here turned slightly pale and trembled. Yet he continued his address, thus: "As I look back to my first sermon, it seems almost a dream, full of great lights and various shadows, which show the picture in all its complex beauty and uncertainty. Although a minister, I had resolved upon freedom of conscience, individuality of character, and a life consecrated to the service of humanity. Of this resolve the basis was honesty, and in laying this corner-stone all my troubles began. People full of self-indulgences being rich and in my best-cushioned pews just before the altar, expect a preacher, whose large salary they pay, to wink at their faults and tickle their vices. Again, these wealthy occupants of the choice seats near the pulpit, with fine susceptibilities and a pampered appetite of excitement, can forgive impropriety, but not dulness. One day I drew a low-water line of morals in the great metropolis. So long as my remarks were abstract, the rich and proud listened with respect and admiration. They looked like lambs beneath a visitation of eloquence and New England culture. Presently, however, I ventured to apply conclusions, and instantly their æsthetic taste was minus quality, a complete moral indifference laid broadly upon every face, and in five minutes the sweetest and choicest flowers of my congregation appeared like lethargic artists of the mediæval ages.

"Again, one day I drew a low-water line of social

life in the modern Sodom. A crusader, or a Puritan in the days of perpendicular virtue, could not have more disenchanted the questions of love and matrimony. I pictured the vulgarization of marriage which prevailed under the name of true affection between the sexes. Instantly my hearers lost all their boasted spiritual insight; they complained that I had overheated the family oven. Instead of acknowledging the abounding ignorance, blindness, folly, sin, and wretchedness, they professed next day to be more than half-pleased because the public scribes published my discourse as in advocacy of Free Love!

“Now, speaking of evolving from one’s inner consciousness, I have some ‘eliminations,’ some ‘inspirations,’ some full-fledged ‘conclusions,’ which have come to me over oceanic thoughts and infinite feelings; one is the smoking out of orthodox doctrines concerning the Saviour of mankind. No spiritual insight can discern a historical Jesus as essential to religion. Love descends and broods with infinite tenderness over the wants, sins, and sorrows of humanity. It is simply dramatic to suppose all the blessings of God bestowed in the form of one man. Poets, artists, astrologers, may favor specialism. A thousand varied charms hang on the religious rosary of unreasoning mind. No sage, however, can maintain in his inner consciousness a permanent faith in an historical saviour. The deeper the piety, the profounder one’s sense of the celestial in man’s nature, the more superficial and untenable this belief in the priestly doctrines of salvation. So I have

‘eliminated’ the historical Jesus from true psychology and religion. And while I was about it, I let the idea of personal immortality go by the board; regarding it as a sentiment very sweet and fascinating in itself, but hardly æsthetic, rather crude, utterly useless, except as a subjective enchantment, and worthless to one wholly born again in free religion.”

An expression of great pain and bitter grief covered the face of a sage who sat to the left of the speaker. His feelings were terribly macerated. He seemed to choke and to swallow with difficulty like one stricken with an Egyptian plague. Zadok the high-priest could not have shot harder looks at the prophet of Solomon’s mother. And the prophet Nathan could not have visually stabbed Benaniah, the captain of the guards; and yet the distressed sage did nothing with his hands, but widely opened his mouth, and asked: “Pardon me, oh minister and sage and the son of a minister, if you swear by Almighty God, and in the presence of these venerable sages here assembled (to say nothing of the prophetesses who grace this meeting with their perfumed presence), that you do not want to live after death?”

Timorously then the Great President replied: “What is the use of it? We have more talents than we can justly use here. And of the many talents we have and use here, most of them perish before we become old; and, as for myself, I frankly confess that I do not see progress ahead; only decay of one’s powers, and possibly imbecility at the end of life’s journey.”

At this remark, the sage who had before spoken

seemed smitten with a more distressing plague than before. His mouth opened helplessly like one in a fit, his hands tumbled down at his sides, his legs straightened out insomuch that his feet touched the brocade garment of a spectacled prophetess seated before him, and for all the world he resembled Hiram, who was of the tribe of Naphtali, and who constructed for Solomon two pillars of brass. This modern Hiram, of the tribe of Notsobians, closed his mouth sufficiently to articulate these words, addressed to the great and learned sage yet standing: "Sir, do you not know that communication with the inhabitants of the eternal world has been going on all around you for twenty-five years? And can you, as an honest man, as a noble sage and a birth-right minister of a free religion, deny that you have any knowledge of these demonstrations?"

The Great President then advanced a step or two, and holding his right hand over the old sage's head, which was bowed low with big thoughts, replied: "Still, again, must we come back to the use of it. The main objection to communicating with spirits, so-called, is that it tends to sap the foundation of personal character, and to beget loose habits of weak dependence upon the feelings and judgments of others. It is wiser, in the light of Free Religion, to obtain evolutions from one's own inner consciousness than to get messages from spirits. It were better for the millions to rely upon their own individual judgments than to depend upon the guidance of any other being, human or angel, finite or infinite."

Here a meek-eyed, æsthetic, Moses-looking guest interrupted with the question: "Do you believe in prayers, sir? Do you trust in a superintending and protecting Providence? What do you pray for at funerals? What efficacy in praying for consolation when in trouble? Petitions and supplications, seekings and thanksgivings, I have heard from your lips in prayer-time. What do you mean by such a service? Do you pray to and supplicate, and invoke the protection and superintendence of, nothing but your own inner consciousness?"

Many of the spectacled prophetesses seemed mightily displeased at the impudent behavior of the interrogator. They threw out their chins in a mood of defiance, mingled with a dogmatic freedom of conscience peculiar to Notsobians. Many seemed unjust towards man, and unmindful of the eternal life they had received from God; but they said not a word; although one, more impressible than the rest, who resembled Lot's wife in the expression of her countenance, looked daggers at the meek interrogator; then she suddenly turned red in the face, as if about to die with choked utterance.

But the Great President stood his ground like King Pharaoh when the water of the Red Sea was up to his armpits. To him the Spiritualists were nothing more than a flying army running headlong out of the Egypt of orthodoxy, and bound for a terrible life of wandering in the great wilderness of graven images, golden calves, jumping mediums, and tables of stone loaded sumptuously with meats and viands from strange lands

beyond the sea. Yea, verily, the spiritualists (he thought) are indeed Israelites fleeing from bondage to creeds; and for this reason he (the President) could not and did not condemn them; but he reproached them because they insist upon going rashly after signs and wonders, even rushing through the divided sea of science, in order to evade the supreme authority of the inner consciousness.

An inward lamentation suddenly came to his deliverance. He seemed like a husbandman who went forth to sow in the winter time when the fields would not receive the seed. So he was immediately determined to utter no word more in that assemblage. Whereupon a necromantic woman, who claimed the power to bring up the souls of the dead, announced that at her house the sages would find welcome, and that for such as were of inquiring mind, who wished truth for the use and benefit of humanity, she would gladly endeavor to manifest indisputable signs that angels were once our earthly friends. The narrator stealthily accepted the necromantic woman's invitation. But many who had worn sacerdotal garments, and who had pitched their camps over against the mountains of æsthetic culture and popularity, refused even to thank the woman for her voluntary kindness. So now, therefore, leaving the sages of Notsob, we will listen to the story of the necromantic woman.

CURIOUS SCENES IN NOTSOB.

Our way to the residence of the mysterious lady

necessitated that our feet should pass by the shore of the beautiful pond (called by the imaginative, "lakelet") which lies tranquilly in the midst of the city. There was a curiously decorated fountain which showered its waters towards the rising sun; the wind blowing at that moment from the great West, which, at this hour of the day, frequently happens in Notsob.

Now, although the narrator was abundantly absorbed by the Phœnician-like embellishments of the fountain, which the waters gracefully played over and around, he failed not to hear mentally the voice of one just arrived from the neighboring town, known as the city of the Bunker Pyramid. In the language of persuasion peculiar to citizens of that noted town of the renowned Charles, he politely thus addressed the narrator:

"Sir, if it be agreeable to you, this hour is appointed by the authorities in charge to exhibit the great *cymbalum mundi*, which in Cambridgian dialect signifies the biggest 'Drum of the World.'"

If this man had been the renowned son of Molo, namely, Appolonius himself, his speech could not have exerted greater seductive power. He was exceedingly learned in philosophy, knowing well how to lay bare the words spoken by enemies and simple fools; with divine skill he exposed perfidiousness; and with the fire of his wrath melted and solved the chains which wicked calumnies had forged on every hand. This man's mind entertained a divine rage against facetious trifling with truth; against current hypocrisy, superfooleries; and against fashionable lies he was easily

roused to gigantic opposition ; so that in the provinces of Notsob, and indeed throughout the whole country, his reputation was established for rhythmical flow of words, studded with adjectives which should be unspeakable, and with expletives which did not add to the strength and clearness of his argumentations. It is remarkable, nevertheless, what power this man, when speaking in public, sends through vast multitudes, like unto a flash of lightning which at once fills a great temple with burning lamps. He had abstracted a courageous nature like a soldier, and an engine-like mind, from his father ; hence he feared not to invite the narrator to visit the great Drum of the World ; neither did he lack language wherewith to describe the instrument, the volume of its sound, nor the remarkable ejections of its noises among the inhabitants.*

When about to start for the immense house of sounds that was built and set apart for the Drum, we were accosted by another citizen—one like unto Marcus Antonius, a man who (in his own estimation) had never gone astray from science and truth, but had faithfully loved his neighbors' wives more than riches or the pleasures of religion. He opened his mouth smilingly, and (without knowing it!) unto the narrator said :—

“Am I mistaken, sir, in imagining that you dislike pompous shows ?”

The narrator (as is his wont), replied not a word, but

* The reader will keep in his memory all the time that a Diakka is certain to consider himself “invited” to go with any one to any place where there seems a good opening for tricks and fun.

with his eyes plainly said : “ Upon deliberation, O Antonius, I would infinitely rather sit by the fountain of water that runs perpetually in the midst of the city.”

But the first man, who came from the town of the narrow-waisted Pyramid, at this moment, felt uncommonly starved for a fight with the intruder.* A redness of rage in a moment dishonored his commanding features. “ By the gods of Adelphi ! ” said he, with boldness and madness—“ Do you not know, sir, that this traveller (the narrator) just from the city of the Wilderness, is circumcised, and is therefore galled to the quick by this uncalled-for interference ? ”

Antonius deserved to be admired for his self-control and great prudence while smarting under this bitter assault. His reply was : “ And has it then come to pass that no person can enter our city of crookednesses without being allured into houses consecrated to big Drums and musical Monsters ? † Such barbarities,” he continued, “ would have made the gods of wisdom and good manners blush even into the richest principalities of Solomon.”

Fortunately, at this moment, a learned savaan, who had written the “ Bible of the Ages,” approached, and magician-like, changed the conversation. He was just come from the congregation of virtuous mothers and matronly virgins, who were neither atheists nor man-haters as the priests had perfidiously promulgated ; but ?

* This feeling to get up a fight with no provocation, is a trick of the intermeddling Diakka.

† The Great Gilmore Jubilee was at this time held in Boston.

the truth was that they had assembled themselves on the pinnacles of history, crying, with voices running over with persuasions and threatenings, thus: "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against the Nation's Capitol and the Legislatures; a voice against the Senators and Representatives, and a voice against the whole male portion of the world's population!" The learned and just-minded author of the Bible of the Ages related how the lamentations of the beautiful women had a melancholy refrain—"Woe, woe to ourselves, unless the Senators give us the sixteenth amendment!" Nor did they hesitate to foreshadow the utter overthrow of the Republic, if the law-givers did not repent and turn from their loaves and fishes, and at once give political liberties to the virgins of Notsob; even to all living women whose foremothers had originated the populations, working-women who had fed and spanked the boys who, as men, all now pompously assert their manhood and their exclusive mastership—the same being a disgrace to the asses which had the honor to be mentioned in the most ancient of Scriptures, one of which was owned by Rev. Dr. Baalam.

Hearing of these things as related by the trustworthy savaan aforementioned, it was immediately proposed by the first courageous man, who came from the town of the Pyramid of Bunker (and it was also agreed by the second person who was like Antonius of old), that we four should turn aside from the gardens and fountains in the midst of the city, and from the house of the

Drum of the World, and from the super-barneous temple dedicated to the magicians of song, and to the foreign demoniacs of instrumental sounds, and proceed straightway to the forum of the three hills, called by the Notsobians the Temple of Tremont; wherein, according to the report of the writer of the Bible of the Ages, the husbandless wives of the provinces, and the virtuous mothers of ungrateful young men, and the cultured virgins in spectacles, who wished all men in the lake of Asphaltitis, were assembled on the prodigiously high pinnacles of human history, crying—"Woe, woe to *man*—to MAN—to MANKIND!" The narrator politely assured the three men, mentally, thus: "Your proposition is most agreeable to me, I can assure you; but are we not now on the straight way which leadeth to the necromantic woman, whose wonderful story we each have promised to hear?"

Immediately each mind began to argue and to answer the narrator that such a thing as "a straight way" was not known to the oldest inhabitant of Notsob; and they all affirmed, with much courtesy and more sidewise laughter, that it would be quite as easy to find the woman's habitation if one should travel a mile or two in any direction among the mysterious labyrinths of the city.

Being thus persuaded, the narrator committed his soul to the keeping of the Virgin Son, who, according to the traditions of eastern natives, was born of a woman who had had several children before the idea of being a virgin took full command of her religious aspirations.

LAMENT OF THE WOMEN OF WOE.

On entering the forum of the three hills, called by the populace, the Temple of Tremont, we saw seated in the chair of Order, the white-haired and dignified Epaphroditus, the renowned William—deliverer of the Africans from generations of servitude and sorrow.

On his left sat a wedded virgin, of compact figure and agreeable face, beaming with modesty and adorned with a look of intelligence, called, in the traditions of Notsob, the “Stone”; which embodiment many of the learned assert is the identical relic of ancient days—the stone hewn out of a huge mountain, celebrated for its many Black-wells—the very granite rock and foundation Stone which the builders at one time had the boundless folly to reject. On the right of the most excellent and dignified Epaphroditus, whose duty was to keep order and call time, sat the distinguished and graceful Virgin Juliana; and in a crescent row beyond were a number of extreme chronic feminine proprieties—chaste, pure, immaculate—wearing spectacles and long hair, and clothed in raiment as beautiful as were any robes ever worn by Ceres, who, in the discharge of her celestial duties and in the enjoyments of her equal rights, gave birth and natural nourishment to that young scamp, the perfidious Bacchus of the renowned Mysteries.

The male antiquities of Notsob occupied the seats in the main body of the temple. Many of them appeared to have been born prior to the period at which proud

mothers attain to the age of virtue.* It was remarkable with what precision of speech and excellency of manners the beautiful women on either side of the venerable Epaphroditus conducted their discussions and likewise themselves. But there was one procurator there, a male antiquity, who was given to very much exhortation, and with determined ambition to direct affairs for the women, who pulled the wires of trickery, and rolled the logs of time-serving policy, wherefore he was esteemed worthy to be called captain of the Macedonians of the great Occident. Swayed by this man, the women committed themselves in speech to many temporizing propositions.

“We have seen,” said they, “a meteor in the East, claiming to be the star of this movement!” At which speech all groaned aloud, as if in terrible pain, and as with one voice they all added—“A virgin shall conceive without sin, and bring forth without sin, and without sin the child shall grow to manhood, and then he shall become the deliverer of all women who shall be born after the death of his mother!”

Now, hearing this outcry, without discerning the bearing thereof upon the question of woman’s enfranchisement, the narrator stealthily pressed the courageous Saturninus, of the town of the Pyramid, and asked him politely if he could not address the throne (rostrum), and thus get an outward eloquent explanation of so much mysterious confusion concerning virtue, virgins, chastity,

* Aside the Diakka said: “Some highly learned anthropologists assert this period to commence when childbearing is impossible.”

etc. And immediately his voice broke forth upon the congregation with a roaring magnificence. He uttered many red-hot words, with the strength of the lion, and with the threatening crash of the thunderbolt; and yet the pith of his speech may be condensed into this already famous interrogation—"Why is this *thus*?"

Whereupon the valiant Captain of the Macedonians, who might also be called the chief weaver of political webs, rose to his feet and *denied* everything, from the least to the greatest. He said that "there was (and the narrator backed him) *no* confusion, *no* misunderstanding, *no* differences, *no* *nothing*, but the sweetest and loveliest harmony"—all this, and no mistake!

At this point, one of the male antiquities interrupted and cried to "make a statement." He was ordered by the just Epaphroditus to take his seat.

A woman of modest bearing then said: "Mr. President: there is a strange woman in a distant heathen city who claims to have the lead of Suffrage for Woman. She is a dangerous pillar of fire by day, and not a model of moonshine by night. We have been driven from the Eden of respectability, notwithstanding our innocence, because the Social god of righteousness is bound to punish transgression. Our burden is heavy, and, owing to an original scantiness in the foundation of our charity, and in the garments of our loving-kindness, we are unable to bear up under this imputation of sin. If we were men it would be different, although it ought not to make any difference; for the sin of vice should not be confined to women any more than polit-

ical privileges and immunities should belong to men exclusively. But the gods have otherwise decreed. Therefore we want to be universally recognized as the 'Virgins of Notsob, advocates of Woman's Suffrage,' with no affinity for the afore-mentioned heathenish adventuress, who, inspired by her devilish ambition for position and power, is at once a disgrace to womankind and the acknowledged Queen of Hades, although bearing the first name of a great reigning Queen."

The excitement in the congregation became immediately alarming. When he could be heard, the venerable head man of Order—the Anti-Slavery Master William—the same who was for thirty years the Deliverer of the exiled children of Africa, said:

"All this touches not the question. Whether a man is virtuous or not, or whether a man is sober or not, is a matter not concerned in his recognition as a citizen, or in his right to the ballot. Neither, therefore, ought questions of a purely personal character be foisted upon this meeting as bearing for or against the enfranchisement of woman. Hence, in the honest opinion of the chairman, all who attempt to speak concerning these side-issues are out of order."

The prudence and moderation of Epaphroditus, not to speak of his righteousness and the wide humanity of his decision, served to allay the general excitement and apprehension. But the Notsobian virgins unhappily manifested in their faces many vicious qualities. They had stoned the heathen woman, whose Christian name was Victoria, but she was not yet *dead*; wherefore the

sinless virgins yearned to inflict further public punishment, and it was exceedingly hard to restrain them.

Now, however, the hour had come for the narrator to depart with the party for the house of the necromantic woman. He was thus reluctantly obliged to turn his back upon the white-robed, eloquent women of Notsob. They had filled his heart of hearts with beauteous desires to become holier than any other; for then he could in an instant detect sin in others, and feel himself authorized to calumniate, vilify, stone, and destroy.

But here we are already at the habitation of the mysterious medium woman. We will enter, make our apologies for delay, and listen to her wonderful story. (The narrator will, now and then, slip in a word, to touch up the items in her memory.)

STORY OF THE NECROMANTIC WOMAN.

Arrived at the circumscribed porch, the narrator impressed all present to give thanks for their deliverance from the serpentine ways and labyrinthian courts of the City of Notsob. After this solemn service, and not wishing to rush rashly upon the retirement of the marvellous woman, he influenced the party to linger and meditate long and unprofitably in the reception room of her own hired habitation. While waiting thus, many guests, profound seekers for testy evidences, were ushered in from the city of serpentine ways. Presently the necromantic lady herself, in simple garb, entered. She welcomed all our party with much gentle

grace, and with great handsomeness of manner, which was highly spoken of.

Now it was incidentally manifested that each person had come to her upon the same mysterious and undefinable errand. They had come to witness signs and to procure testimony of their *right* to live forever! A mysterious court of probate was thus organized, wherein the "Will of the Almighty" was to be passed upon; and the guests present, being cultured ladies and gentlemen, were both witnesses and associate judges of the validity of the last testament and bequest of the unknown Testator. After the Notsobian burning gas-light within the room was toned down to a mellow haze, most congenial to lovers in the arms of enchantment, the lady suddenly yielded herself limp and thoughtless, and closed her eyes as in prayer. All present kept the sacred silence profound for a little time; which was terminated by the opening of the lady's mouth, from which mechanically flowed the following words:

You, each of you, seek to know of your immortality through tests and addresses from persons in the spirit world unknown to this medium. You would *know*, each for himself, whether departed spirits watch over you, daily and hourly. [The Diakka (*i.e.*, the narrator) being invisible, enjoyed the scene and the solving of this problem in the extreme.] We will give you tests and addresses, although it is important to remember that the process of translation and transmission from the spirit world to you necessarily modifies some-

thing, possibly more or less *everything*, in the communication. Flowers and grain expand and ripen to perfection under the glorious white rays of the sun. And yet every tiny petal of the flower, and every little part of the expanding grain, in some degree modifies each burning ray that is transmitted from the so-called all-controlling sun."

While the thoughtless and limp lady was thus speaking, the room near the ceiling was suddenly enchanted by *many interesting colored lights!* These brilliant exhibitions, more dazzling to the imagination than the flaming lights of the unknown North, (in which the narrator had a finger!) were by the entranced lady referred to—thus :

"Colors represent your spiritual development. Light, love, truth, purity, sincerity, wisdom have leaves and flowers of their own that spread forth with colors, differing in size and brilliancy, because they are representations and types of your individual feelings and conditions."*

At this moment the lady, flooded with a dramatic force and purpose, pointed toward a robust stranger in the rear of the room. "Captain Casey!" said she, with a startling tragical emphasis. The gentleman referred to blushed a blazing red, and bowed his head in alarmed silence. "For six and twenty years," she continued, still dramatically addressing him, "your pathway stretched across the broad ocean. Your vessel is

* The narrator declared to the author, in reply to a question, that he had nothing to do whatever with the formation of her sentences.

not swift, nor beautiful, but she is large and powerful; otherwise she could not have encountered unharmed the storms of your last voyage; nor could you have outlived the dangerous icebergs and fields of floating ice off the banks of New Foundland."

"*True!* TRUE!" exclaimed the gentleman, who was a perfect stranger to the medium, and equally unknown to every other person present.

"When you were about a thousand miles from Queenstown, captain," she continued, "and in great anxiety because your vessel was leaking badly, did you not seem to hear the voice of your old commander, Captain Coates, saying, 'Helm hard aport—never fear'? And did you not obey the impression? Then did you not soon find and stop the leak between decks? And then did you not sail out of all danger? And were you not successful to the end of your voyage?"

"Captain Coates!" exclaimed the gentleman with a gleesome shout—"Captain Coates! my mother's only brother, who was my uncle, and best friend, commander of the gallant craft *Tripoli*, the first vessel I took a voyage in—why, Captain! are *you* really here present?"

All listened for the medium's reply. Not a word from the mouth of the necromantic lady! Sybilline silence prevailed for several minutes. At this point the Diakka touched off some lights on the walls of the room. Then she stretched forth her white hand, tremblingly, and pointed towards a dark-complexioned, Spanish-looking gentleman, (very like a Diakka!) who sat in front and very near her. "Dr. Albert Morse!"

she said, addressing him familiarly, as though she had always known and loved him intimately.

“How do you like the tapestried divans in the palaces of the Viceroy? You did not know that your guardian angel went with you, did you?”

In consequence of this speech the gentleman's face turned suddenly white, like one overcome with astonishment; but he quickly and firmly collected himself, and asked: “Will the controlling intelligence tender me the true name of my guardian in the spirit world?”

“Fannie Galton!” immediately replied the limp lady. And, lo! the stranger straightway acknowledged that in his boyhood he did know a playmate bearing that name!

The lady of enchantment continued in these words: “Immense rooms; gorgeous furniture; gold and silver decorations; round silver tables trimmed with gems; sweet sounds from constantly flowing fountains; hundreds of waiting women in many-colored costumes; finest silk and glittering satin covering walls and windows; magnificence surrounded by ignorance and poverty; wealth and luxury, built upon a foundation of public taxation and superstition.”

The dark-visaged gentleman, thus addressed, testified his supreme astonishment. And he at once confessed that the mouth of the necromantic lady (her eyes during all this time remained closed) had spoken truly; inasmuch as he had been for years a resident of the East; and had many times been admitted to the palaces of the Viceroy; the appearances and scenes in the rooms of which she had correctly described. “My conversion

and delight," he enthusiastically added, "would be boundless, if the lady could but tell me *where* Miss Fannie Galton lived, and *when* she died."

At this moment the lady again stretched forth her hand, and, turning her perceptions interiorly towards the narrator (invisible to every other pair of eyes), her mouth said: "You are thinking, and you want me to talk, concerning the mystery of sleep and dreaming."

Whom she was addressing, no guest present could form the least idea. Nothing could be more positive! She was reading somebody's very thoughts! Strange sybil! Thus they thought among themselves.

"Unthinking people" (she proceeded dreamily and slowly to say) "are frightened evil imaginations picture a burning, blazing hell they go away or rather consign their enemies into everlasting punishment."

The narrator enjoyed and listened; he prompted her a little more; then she made this reply: "The inhabitants of hell (speaking with hesitation) are ignorant, credulous, unhappy they live in wretched discord, and amid dire uncertainty They send confusion and falsities into our spiritual manifestations they entertain vicious opinions of human virtue!" *

* The narrator confessed to the author that he quailed and was unhappy beneath this discourse; for it was the latest and freshest revelation of a place (the wilderness of the Diakka) which now he justly held in abhorrence.

“Wrangling egotists flourish in hell!” she energetically said: “Worldly minded people live in hell! The hypocrites make believe they are contented! Sleep is as bad as hell to those whose brains float in unassimilated gases! Wakefulness in sleep is a worse hell than solid slumber during hours of apparent wakefulness. If the crystalloidal substance of the Pantarchy be not unity with the dialized water held in suspension awaiting conversion, then the wakeful brain is dreaming of hell, and at such moments ordinary external influences communicate nothing worth reporting through the sensory nerves to the hell that is blazing and boiling within. You may yearn for the heaven of hydrate of chloral, but the hell of deadly night-shade is your portion.”

The narrator began to fear greatly that the locality named by the lady would seem to the audience to be not far from the tranquil habitations of Notsob. The language and the topic were exceedingly obscure; but the place referred to, *i.e.*, the country of the Diakka, needed no further commentary or elucidation. The narrator said he felt that the eyes of the whole company were upon him, although he knew he was really invisible. With grave apprehensions, therefore, he influenced the lady necromancer to say audibly whether she could discern “any of the friends of persons present in the aforementioned place?”

“O yes!” she replied, quite too promptly to be agreeable to her listeners. “A great uncounted multitude of your friends reside in hell! And what is remarkable is, that very many of those discordant characters fre-

quently visit and make sad work among the inhabitants of Notsob."

Information of this alarming character was greatly more entertaining to the company than flattering to the feelings of the narrator. He now began to think of Aristobolus, the same that was the first Jewish king after the Babylonian bondage, who put a head on the empire and a diadem upon his own head; and he also began to call to mind his old friend Epiphanes, who was called Antiochus; also to recall Asamoneus, the father of his own son called Matthias, and of groups of others yet more ancient; for he was of mind to know of a certainty *who* of his multitude of old Notsobian friends were recognized residents of the aforementioned place, which in sacred Scriptures is with horrible gusto called HELL.

While the narrator was thus thinking to himself, the mysterious lady opened her mouth, whence the following stream of pleasing words flowed playfully, like musical waters sparkling and dancing from an overcharged fountain: "Men lay up for themselves treasures on earth, which are rich only in exceeding great suffering and sorrow—the only teachers some minds will ever attend to; whilst happiness and unalloyed delights surround those who lay up treasures beyond the reach of rust, corruption, and thieves." (This last term reminded the narrator painfully of his wilderness city of the poly-roga and the Diakka, which he had left behind him when he came upon this trip to Notsob.) "The human mind lives within the inner brain," she meditatively

continued: "and its bright visions point towards heavenly happiness, which is in store for the forever faithful."

The audience listened in silence; many minds not a little confused. Speaking of sleep, she went on: "One night (you remember it well) you were restless; sleep would not come to your relief; a grievous roar echoed along the shore of time; your head ached, with fatigue, as you thought in your foolishness. What was the cause? 'Twas *I*, your unseen friend, who deprived you of so many hours of sleep. You were thus saved from a serious, almost diabolical, attack of the Diakka, with which you were at that time threatened. Yes *I*, your own brother in heaven, your friend in spirit, in truth, and in love." This was addressed by another upper world visitor, who stood near the right side of the medium, to an open-countenanced auditor. After these words had been plainly uttered, the lady turned her still closed eyes toward others; giving each something far more heavenly than was vouchsafed in her first discourse inspired by the narrator; although, possibly, to no person present was the essential substance of the different messages any more pertinent and convincing than to the narrator himself.

At this point a distinguished citizen of Notsob whispered to one of our party and proffered free admission to the Athenæum—an opportunity of obtaining serene and elevated enjoyment not commonly granted to mundane guests, to say nothing of visitors from foreign celestial cities—which terrestrial Athenæum, be-

ing more accessible than ancient temples of learning, although known to the ancients by the same classic title, the narrator influenced the party to agree to contemplate the amusements of the Athenians on the evening following.

REMARKABLE SCENES AT THE ATHENÆUM.

In Notsob there lived a worldly wise and most trustworthy philosopher, distinguished for his many manly deeds, and for manly methods in business circles, whose name was Cræsus, with the ancient prefix of Isaac.* He it was who hospitably opened to our party, and therefore to the narrator, the great door of the celebrated temple sacred to the goddess Athena; for, be it known, the Notsobians are a peculiar people, resembling the inhabitants of ancient Greece—in that they erect sacred temples, which are dedicated sometimes to one divinity and sometimes to many; also they plume themselves commendably upon Hadranian universities, and likewise they take high pleasure in high public schools; and especially, under the triumphant commander Cræsus, they have opened and endowed an establishment where lawyers, orators, artists, philosophers, sophists, poets, teachers, and unprincipled critics, may assemble to witness proceedings, recite their pieces, sing, cultivate manners, promote literary and scientific tastes, and

* In reply to a direct question the Diakka confessed that he referred here to the business partner in the Banner of Light Publishing Company.

enjoy harmless association with congenial affinities for mutual improvement and innocent pastime.

With the proffered freedom of entrance to this temple the narrator experienced delight. But, being invisible to the party, he wanted a fellow-companion. Wherefore he associated unto himself one Benaiah, a man of valor, a freeman by birth, uncircumcised, yet quite popular as a constant inquisitor in the court of Psyche. Now this man stationed himself alongside of the narrator in the great Athenæum of the Notsobians. Together they conversed and interchanged sentiments concerning the orations and other services prepared by the before-mentioned Cræsus for the entertainment of the distinguished guests who had assembled.

Immediately a Babylonian bell was heard within the forum; and, behold, as by enchantment, a scene curiously constructed was exhibited; not exceedingly unlike the pensile gardens arranged by Nebuchadnezzar, who, it was reported, erected the wonderful walls of Babylon.

Services and ceremonies at the Athenæum continued for two hours; consisting of short orations and imitations of the slender affections, the gold insanities, the meanness, and the baseness of some of the infamous citizens of another terrestrial city. The exhibition closed with a thrilling discourse on wild Indian life, accompanied with sounds of drums, the howling horns, and scratching of stringed instruments—the whole teaching the plain and wholesome moral that “to be born an Indian is a great folly and an unpardonable crime.” But

not unto this day is it known what were the thoughts of the narrator's companion and inquisitor, Benaiah ; for, although during the orations and imitation, his face shone as did Noureddin's, when that prince first beheld the Beautiful Persian, yet when he departed for his own lonely Diakka court, there was a mysterious and vindictively determined look upon him like that which was upon the countenance of Noureddin, at the moment when Hajji Hassan sold the beautiful slave to the repulsive Vizier Saouy. This same Vizier to this day is known as "The Hunter" in the Diakka country. It was very far otherwise with the narrator ; inasmuch as he resolved to remember the hospitality of Cræsus ; and during the entertainment, which he with others witnessed, the narrator laughed with those who laughed, and so did Benaiah !

TRANSFORMATION SCENE IN THE VICINITY OF NOTSOB.

Now it came to pass that one Jeremiah opened his heart to the narrator ; took pity upon him ; lamented that he was yet in bondage to the puzzling labyrinthine ways of the Diakka ; and, out of the fulness of his kindness, invited him to his solemn and sacred suburban retreat. This was situated upon the crown of what the imaginative denominated a high hill ; with unbounded privileges of contemplating a free country on every side ; the air whereof is hourly distilling healthful breezes, inviting birds of song ; and, cooperating with the visible sun, ripening roses up—and urging fruit trees into beauty and sweetness.

With rejoicing, being now freed from that solicitude which is natural to strangers when unravelling the ways of Notsob, the narrator participated in the tranquil prosperity and hospitalities of his friend Jeremiah. There was music there; and there were songs and games; and best of all, there were transformations wonderful.

The tricky game (always delightful to a Diakka!) consisted in deceiving the five senses and muddling the judgment of the very elect! The spiritual test trick was mysteriously causing small articles such as rings and knives to appear when and where the bewildered witnesses declared positively *they were not* and *could not* be, "by any known law of possibility."

The sweet music of the great masters was also seemingly interpreted in the dark on the piano by the gifted invisible fingers of the narrator's dimpled-faced wife.

For a moment silence ensued. Then she suddenly retired from the presence of the guests. Presently a mysterious knocking was heard without!—at that hour of the night! According to ancient custom, the proprietor hastened to the place and freely opened his door to the stranger! The medium said "give her welcome." The medium then described and said: "Stranger appears to be a female antiquity from some haunted habitation."

Now it is impossible to describe the scene that immediately ensued. It was a case of materialization! The antique spirit visitor was by every one recognized. She was a profound curiosity in both her dress and address. Insomuch was this eccentricity true, that had

she been seen at ancient Jerusalem, or at the gates of Babylon of old, the people would have gathered by millions about her, and each spectator would vociferate upon the honor of his oath that he was about to lose his life from excess of wonderment and laughter.

After she, (my dimpled-faced one!) had entertained the pleasant company with her spontaneous materializations, and had supplied them with innocent inventions and stories, peculiar to the age of candlesticks and hand-loom, she immediately dropped her antiquated appearance, and straightway prepared to depart for her home—no more among the Diakka! The next moment the talented medium left the apartment at the opposite end of the room; then, just for a moment, every one present seemed to *doubt* what had happened; and two said it was the medium, and not a spirit, who had entertained them all with the trick of fleeting materiality and transformation!

Such perplexity of the five bodily senses, begetting eccentricities of feelings and muddling up the reasonings of vain and high-prided minds, supply the Diakka with a large measure of their pastime.

Here ends the story of the personage introduced to the author by James Victor Wilson.

REMARKABLE EFFECTS OF THE DIAKKA UPON THE PASSIVE AND SUSCEPTIBLE.

THE following letter, which is submitted as evidence that such spirits as Diakka exist and affect mankind, teaches the lesson, so much needed in these days, that the state of mediumship, unless orderly and wisely regulated by the person possessing it, is attended with peculiar trials and painful annoyances :

NEWPORT, *July* 10th, 1873.

MR. A. J. DAVIS—DEAR AND KIND INSTRUCTOR: Please to pardon an old man sixty-nine years of age for taking this liberty to ask you one question.

On the 18th of January, 1872, at one of Lizzie Keizer's private séances, the spirits took possession of me physically, as though I was an infant, swinging my hand and arms about with great velocity, and using my hand for writing anything they wished to ask or say, and thus making a conscious physical medium of me. I am not in the least trance or visionary that I know of. Constantly since, I have been visited both night and day by an endless number of spirits, male and female.

I received them kindly till I became almost bewildered to know how to accommodate them or stop them from coming. The spirits took possession of my sleeping hours. They had spread the news amongst their associates that they "had found out a medium easily

controlled and kindly disposed—a man who would write with a lead pencil on writing paper,” etc. I prayed earnestly for powerful spirits to assist me in repelling at least a portion of the number. Single spirits volunteered at times and helped me to repel. But the others returned as quick as the purified spirits retired ; so that the effort was of little use. The loss of sleep soon became alarming to me. My visitors kept increasing. But I wish you to understand that they, the spirits, were all friendly ones. They showed no sign of wilful annoyance. I pleaded with them for rest, physical and mental ; but the visiting fever ran high. They seemed to think that if they missed this chance they might not have another.

I did not know what to do. I had no one to instruct me, and I did not remember anything in your writings to aid me. I prayed to the God of Gods for immediate help, and was “impressed” that I had all the help I needed if I would make use of it. I hesitated, and thought “what can I do?” A great many of the spirits were uneducated and *impulsive*. They did not like to be repelled in an abrupt manner. So I commenced thus :

“Have you, when in Earth life, heard tell of mad dogs biting people who afterwards went mad in dreadful spasms, convulsions, and horrible agonies before they died?” answer, “Yes.” “You will be in the same condition in fifteen seconds, if you do not retire immediately! Will you go?” answer, “No.” You had better go! Be subject to moral suasion this time, won’t you?” answer, “No.” “You have left your own spirit home and have invaded my peaceful home. Do you think that is right?” answer, “No.” “Then you wish to retain the power to visit me as often as it may please your fancy, even in the dead hours of night?” answer, “Yes.”

Thus the tormentors would reply to my questions.

I have prayed for some protective influence. And I have been put in possession of a most tremendous power. But my sufferings are too horrible to think of—yes, Hydrophobia! The spirits dared me to make use of my boasted power; then in 5, 10, or 15 seconds the horrible calamity will come upon me like a flash of lightning, and no tongue can tell my misery and suffering. At first the spirits commence to plunge and jerk. I bid them disconnect from close rapport and stand two feet from me till I bid them take possession again. But they keep up the same motion. Again I bid them to be still; to stop their painful personal motions. Then, perchance, they become quiet. I say to them: “Will you give me security that you trouble me no more.” If they say, “No,” I plunge them with my power into the same state again for about one minute. If they continue to be stubborn, I double my power every 5 or 10 seconds. One of them soon takes possession of my hand, begging to be released, and taking an oath that he will trouble me no more. I tell him if he breaks his oath the same amount of *suffering* will fall upon him like a flash of lightning. The moment he approaches and touches me again, I say to him—“I am a servant and agent of God. He holds the power. 'Tis he that sets you free. You have trampled upon his sacred gifts.—Do so no more. And when you become a purified spirit pay me a visit and I will receive you as a kind brother. Farewell, till then.”

This is the way I receive communications: I take a smooth board 3 feet long, 12 inches wide, put it on my lap, lay my right hand upon it, and call for a spirit by name. In a few seconds one takes possession, sliding my hand backward and forward. I say, “take this alphabet, *shake* my hand for ‘Yes,’ and *slide* it on the board about 8 inches for ‘No’—make two motions for ‘I don’t know.’ Do you understand them? Only

three simple signs!" He replies, "O, yes." The rest comes in writing.

These strange visitors take possession of me in bed, in the street, and while at my work. They give the above signs on the bed, in the atmosphere, anywhere. The spirits say their suffering is indescribably severe!

The question—is it (their suffering) real or imaginary? If some trifling Table-tippers should put them in the above condition and leave them, how long would they be in that state of suffering? I am well acquainted with the process of magnetizing. I have read your "*Pandemonium*."* I thought it a cruel thing to leave a poor spirit in such a state of suffering for a month, week, day, an hour, or even for 5 minutes. To me it seems to be *real* suffering; not a psychological condition. And this makes me fearful lest some earthly malicious person may take advantage of some poor defenceless spirit for past quarrels, etc.

I am a teetotaler. No liquor, beer, wine, or cider; neither do I touch tea or coffee. Sugar and water is my drink. Do not think me "Insane." I never was more clear on mental subjects than at this present time in all my life. But repelling and punishing *spirits* is so new and so strange that I am filled with *fear*! I need advice from some one like yourself.

JOSEPH S.

P.S. I am well acquainted with the Galvanic battery, the Electro-magnetic machines, etc. I understand you to teach the spirits are not always absolutely present when communicating. But that fact does not affect the question concerning their *disposition* and *punishment*. I write thus to let you know that a very short answer, a few words, will be all that I may need: I stand upon

* See the author's volume "*Spirit Mysteries Explained*," new edition, containing a chapter, "*Revelation for Pandemonium*."

the precipice, very nigh the Border line, between the two states of existence, and am certain soon to pass away. I am well-known in Newport as an A. J. Davis scholar. "Ruined!" say Old Orthodox professors. But I leave them to the enjoyment of their own foolish fossilized notions, ever and anon giving them a few new thoughts to reflect upon. You will perceive that my nerves are steady, not tremulous, which is common with one of my age, 69 years. Make what use of this letter you see will be for the best. 'Tis the last question I shall ever trouble you with.

Please do not forget to send me a few words, in some leisure moment, before I pass away.

Yours, etc.,

J. S.

DIAKKA MATERIALIZING THEMSELVES.

At Moravia, N. Y., in Stratford, Ct., many years since, in New England, in every important dark circle held in Europe and America, the wonderful tricks of Diakka are fully manifested in what has been recently styled "Materialization." A correspondent submits the following slight alteration of a reporter's sketch of Gypsies as a correct picture of what his son, a clairvoyant, witnessed when viewing the Summerland country of the Diakka:

"Lying around in shady spots were a number of young and rather pretty women, all of them appearing to be slightly tanned, all of them with dark eyes full of fire, and dark hair flowing in wild, clustering ringlets over their shoulders. Some of them were bare-headed, others wore fantastic hats with what appeared like an

abundance of gaudy ribbons. They were well dressed, with bright sashes across their shoulders, wearing no shoes or stockings. A few tall, powerful men lounged among the trees and stretched themselves upon the grass. They were so similar in appearance that they might have been taken for the children of the same parents. They had dark, shaggy, unkempt hair, full, bushy beards, aquiline noses, and immense cheek bones. They were dressed like ordinary workingmen, but wore no coats. A multitude of children of all ages, from three months to sixteen, all as thinly clad as possible, and bare-legged, ran about at perfect liberty. With the exception of two or three the young were all rough, sturdy, frolicsome vagabonds, with the flashing devil in their eyes."

THE IMAGE OF AN OLD LADY DIAKKA.

At Moravia, recently, an apparitional woman appeared, dressed in a homely, substantial fashion. "She was tall and muscular in spite of her age, which must have been close on fourscore. Her face was long and thin, tawny as a mulatto's, and adorned with high cheek bones, and a nose like an eagle's beak. The eyes were black and flashing, and long gray ringlets hung down upon her shoulders."

Such representations are nothing but artistic fabrications by skilful Diakka. No intelligent investigator should accept these as literal facts.

DIAKKA APPEARING TO REV. T. L. HARRIS.

In his appendix to "The Arcana of Christianity," Mr. Harris describes with more or less extravagance of language natural to himself, a succession of besetments arising from intellectual tempters. One of these he reports (see p. 50) as saying :

"I am a great poet. I sometimes think that the Universe was made by three Gods—the first was a poet, the second a sculptor, and the third a painter. The sculptor fashioned the forms, the painter tinged them, and the poet animated them. The old Hebrew prophets were pretty fair poets, Isaiah especially, but I am far superior. Yet what good does it do me now? Why, sir, there are many spirits here who rip out a huge oath, and it bursts like a bombshell before their eyes, and scatters a rain of living snakes. There are others, they were murderers,—when they quarrel, knives dart from their breasts. Sometimes their thoughts change into winged centipedes. I have a mind to write in the style of Ovid. I think that a book entitled the "Metamorphoses of Pandemonium" would sell in your world. Think of a woman's words changing into buzzing hornets as she speaks. Why, I kissed a woman the other day, and a red-hot adder sprang from her open mouth. The cream of the joke is that our sphere looks brilliant, fascinating, and summery, except when we sink into our interiors. At other times our phantasies and lusts appear in images which correspond to fine clothes and splendid palaces. It is no joke for a devil to eat his own words: he has to swallow a peck of scorpions and vipers, which is not, as you may well imagine, a very appetizing diet. Think of a ragout of a stewed falsehood! That cursed law of correspondences! I am a

plain man myself, and should like once more to inhabit a snug parsonage, and have now and then a quiet little dinner, plenty of old port, and after it, a round game. I'll tell you why I disguise myself. It is because I hate to be called a parson. 'Ha! ha! dean,' a drunken scoundrel will say now and then, 'let's drink together to the good old times.' Here he commenced snatches of songs, as from an inexhaustible fountain of supply, and passing from one to another with scarcely a moment's interval."

Very much of the foregoing report, especially the peculiar semi-Swedenborgian style, should be attributed to Mr. Harris himself, who was highly gifted in hyperbole of expression. Many Diakka, too, are given to extravagant and purely romantic accounts of their situations, pursuits, and feelings. They tell big stories, even at their own expense, just to see persons stand, and stare, and wonder.

TRICKS UPON THE PROPENSITIES OF MEDIUMS.

THE Diakka delight themselves with flattering mediums, and more especially in making magnificent promises to fortune-seekers, who, prompted by the evils of their selfishness, interrogate mediums for private gain. Benevolent persons become inflated with amazing *plans* for the universal redemption of mankind. Vain-minded investigators receive most gorgeous promises of great future personal prominence; for which, instigated by the Diakka who may be a private friend of the medium, the investigator will pay a large money fee. Some of these amazing promises are accompanied with the most satisfactory evidences of spiritual intercourse.

PLAYING WITH THE PASSIONS AND APPETITES.

Diakka know when they have a susceptible subject in the medium. They delight in pretending great suffering in consequence of some ungratified passion, taste, or habit, for which they were noted before death. They impress the medium, and, if possible, the well-meaning, yet not over-intelligent investigator, that they would be elevated and made happy if only they could partake of

X whiskey or tobacco, or gratify their burning free-love propensities. All such requests and suggestions on the part of Diakka should be regarded as no compliment to the actual disposition of the medium, and be repelled as a too certain reflection of the proclivity of the investigator. As for the spirits! With them (being unprincipled intellectualists, and in all the fine sentiments wholly undeveloped) the play is nothing but the mere X pastime amusement at the expense of those beneath their influence.

THE TRICK OF PREACHING RE-INCARNATION.

Probably, in the entire range of modern spiritual speculations, no more philosophically romantic farce than X the sweet boon of being "re-incarnated" was ever X played upon human imagination by the sportive Diakka. They puzzle spiritual philosophers by a mixture of alarming doubts about immortality. The endless progress of the soul (say they), will end in an abyss of conglomerated annihilation. They want you returned a X *few times* to round you up, full-orbed, in the niches of X personal experience, in every possible phase of being. You say "Yes." Diakka immediately give you oracular teachings in rhyme and prose. So they amuse themselves, and your seriousness in their sophistries greatly X enhances their mirth. These trifling freebooters of the X wilderness never molest persons whose minds are well-X balanced on any subject.

THE MORAL OF IMMORALITIES.

There are some valuable lessons, in conclusion, to be learned from the coarseness, ignorance, selfishness, and moral insensibility of the Diakka.

It is this: They were once human beings, once sons and daughters of human parents, once boys and girls in human homes, once men and women living, eating, sleeping, working, fretting, and moving about on earth like ourselves. They, therefore, touch and taste and illustrate whatsoever is tender and frail and imperfect in genuine humanity. They died as we shall, and, before us, they entered the celestial community. But they return! They seem to be mingled with crime, with domestic tragedies, with large pretensions and deception. Whence their origin? They are derived from private families in every tribe and nation under the sun. Men and women *make* Diakka, and then they molest men and women—"chickens coming home to roost"—imperfect, material, and shallow-minded spirits, returning to reciprocate with their producing *causes*. Men's bad and brutal passions come out in their children. These children, both before and after death, shower back from the Wilderness of the Diakka *the effects* upon susceptible persons, indiscriminately, the innocent and the guilty suffering alike all disasters and all penalties of ignorance and injustice. What timid investigators in Spiritualism are shocked at—the *false* and the *disgusting* among mediums—might, with more

justice, arouse their attention to the cardinal immoralities in society which generate what they abhor.

THE TRICK OF APPEARING IN TWO OR MORE PLACES AT
THE SAME MOMENT.

Unprincipled Diakka take a gypsy-like pleasure in travelling with stealthy celerity from place to place, from circle to circle, and from medium to medium, passing themselves off under assumed great names, and by means of impartations in close imitation of the minds they delight to *misrepresent*. Identification, therefore, at a spirit circle, is, in the present stage of our development, almost impossible. One day your *real* friend or relative will communicate; next time you meet the medium, perchance, the fun-loving Diakka will *simulate* your friend's character and do all the honors.

FACES AND FORMS MANUFACTURED BY SPIRIT ARTISTS.

Diakka are perfect in all sleight-of-hand performances; and in the representation of hands, flowers, faces, spectacles, old ladies' caps, hats, boots and spurs, wild Indians, etc., they are perfect, from their extensive knowledge, and complete manipulatory control over, the subtlest elements and atoms and laws of exterior chemistry. In circles for "materialization," as the term is for these artful effects, the Diakka (some of whom are Indians of every nationality) combine and

play "fantastic tricks" for the entertainment of the credulous and susceptible.

But it is not to be inferred from the foregoing that all the "creations of art" are false to their original; on the contrary, most of these *materializations* by the Diakka (great masters of the "Black Art"!) are *genuine* representations of men and women actually living in the Summerland; or, more properly, by special request, the Black Artists (if I may so term the Diakka) gather up chemically and represent literally the *face, form, expression*, and even in detail, the style of *clothing*, by which the person was commonly known and recognized before death.

In confirmation of these statements I submit as testimony the following:

THE SYSTEMATIC APPEARANCE OF SPIRITS.

Full accounts were recently published in these pages* of the systematic appearance by spirits in a good light, to many persons at the same time at the *séances* of Mrs. Andrews, of Moravia, New York State, U. S. Soon afterwards, some of our London mediums began to sit for the same kind of manifestations with more or less success, the most remarkable results being obtained through the mediumship of Miss Florence Cook, with the circumstance that the first face which appeared,

* This account is taken from the *Spiritualist*, Sept. 12, 1872, published in London, England.

× and which called itself "Katie King," was much like
× her own, to her great annoyance. Dr. Purdon, of Sand-
down, like many inexperienced in Spiritualism, tried to
impose his own conditions on the manifestations, failure
and the weakening of Miss Cook's mediumship being
the results. After her return home, by giving the
spirits their own conditions, her mediumship gradually
grew strong again. The spirit Katie said she could
not help being like her medium, but she obligingly, on
several occasions, put her head out of the cabinet as
× black as ink, sometimes chocolate color, and sometimes
× white. Miss Cook sits in a cabinet now; it is a tall
narrow cupboard, with an opening in it a foot square,
high up near the ceiling. She sits sideways in a chair,
as the cupboard is not deep enough for her to sit facing
the door. In the darkness of this cupboard, to which
there is no entrance but through the front doors, the
× spirits manufacture the faces, and when ready, put them
out through the opening into the light and talk to the
observers.

Gradually they have increased the test conditions
under which they do this. They now begin by lacing
and tying the medium most firmly with rope, especially
about the wrists and hands; then they ask one of the
observers to enter and seal the knots with wax. They
say that soon they shall be able to let the spectators do
the tying as well as the sealing. Under the present
conditions living faces of different color have been
shown at the opening, but last Saturday faces not like
that of the medium began to appear.


In the room outside a strong paraffin light is used, with a polished tin surface behind, throwing the rays directly upon the faces, which can now stand a far stronger light than they did at first, though it pains them.

Last Saturday week the first good view was obtained of a fresh spirit face; the upper part was a little like that of the medium; the under part was half as big again. Mrs. Cook and her sister, who were told to go close up to the cabinet and examine it, recognized it as their mother, and the spirit called attention to a black silk cap it had on, as worn by Mrs. Cook's mother before her death.

Last Thursday Katie showed herself while the medium was tied up and sealed; afterwards a Fellow of the Royal Society took about seven or ten minutes to untie her and set her free; later in the evening another face appeared in a good light; it had a painful expression of countenance, and some of its front teeth were missing, whilst others were disarranged; the spirit was not recognized by anybody present.

The position of the observers outside the cabinet influences the manifestations; the spirits arrange the order in which they sit, and singing is demanded of all the members of the circle at particular stages of the manifestations. The paraffin lamp consists of two concentric cylinders, with a large opening in each. One of the cylinders can be turned by hand, so that when the two openings face each other a strong light is thrown on the faces. Thus, by turning one of the cylinders, a

strong light, weak light, or total darkness can be obtained expeditiously at will.

The splendid results thus obtained in the way of spirit faces are due to the compliance by experienced Spiritualists with those conditions which have been found to most favor the manifestations.  *The spirits* say they manufacture the faces more or less perfectly and that the life in them is derived from the medium, who is usually in a deep trance all the time. The sides, tops, and backs of the heads are covered with white bandages. The heads have been felt, but only in total darkness at present; in some cases they have been hollow at the back, just like a wax doll with the back of its head pushed in. They are all living faces, with sparkling eyes and mobile features. When the power is weak the eyes are more fixed than at other times, and the spirits say they cannot then see out of them. When a spirit shows itself for the first time thus, it has more difficulty in talking than when it has had experience in the work. At first, their attempts to speak result in choking sounds, and a few words may be brought out with difficulty. They can usually bear the light from two to four minutes. Katie can usually bear the light well, and chat away saucily; she says that the light pains her, and that the gaze of the observers hurts her still more. "Your eyes act on me like burning-glasses," she said.

Little Edith Cook, aged three or four years, much strengthens these manifestations by sitting near the cabinet, outside. The spirits say they get more power from her than from the other outside members of the circle.

ARTFUL MATERIALIZATION IN A LONDON CIRCLE.

From the "Daybreak" the following additional testimony is submitted :

DEAR SIR,—Last Friday I had the privilege of being present, with eight others, at the reception of Mr. Herne for an evening seance at my brother's, Mr. Thomas Dixon, 76 Hampstead Road. Our meeting was not for purposes of an experimental kind, but solely for the purpose of enabling some members of the family to witness, if possible, the tangible presence of a spirit, to whom such presence would remain otherwise unwitnessed. We therefore declined Mr. Herne's invitation to apply ligatures, not regarding mechanical manifestations, but looking forward to those evidences of spiritual presence so remarkable in their fourfold character of visibility, tangibility, audibility, and mentality. So, having carefully excluded the light of our lamp, from an extemporized cabinet, formed by the doorway of a small back room, we ensconced Mr. Herne within it in an easy chair, and awaited phenomena, while some of our young folks, by singing, completed our condition of harmony. We had prepared ourselves not to receive much, for the medium had late in the afternoon given a cabinet seance with the object of enabling Mr. Burns to lecture with experimental knowledge on the subject of spirit-faces, and which seance naturally enfeebled the power for the present one. But our singing had not gone far when the phenomena we hoped for began to present themselves. The corner of the upper division of our cabinet screen was raised, and there appeared the head and bust of a man, who spoke in the well-known voice of "Peter;" he addressed those present by name, taking most and particular notice of the host, whom he

addressed as "Quartermaster" and "Tom," entering freely into conversation with him, and calling him to the cabinet, gave him his hand, took off his cap, and put on as a head-covering a ladies' cap-bag he found in the cabinet. The arm, being stretched out from the opening, then pulled the host's coat off easily and gently, and then, coming through or under the lower curtain, pulled off his boot, a high Wellington reaching above the knee. "Peter" then retired to make way for "John King," who spoke very audibly, and showed his face very distinctly to those nearest him by subdued candle-light, not by any light of or from himself. The host, at his request, felt his hand and beard, as also did one or two others of the party. "Peter" then reappeared, holding up the curtain for "Katy" to show herself. Some one said, "Look at Katy's arm," when "Peter" shouted, "No, the arm is mine!" while "Katy" exhibited herself very beautifully and distinctly, and whispered her recognitions. On "Katy's" leaving, "Peter" asked the host to give him a piece of his beard to make a ring of, and with his permission cut off two pieces—"one for each side of the ring"—which he said he would make and wear in remembrance of him. I heard scissors snipping the hair, and "Peter" said they were his own, and did not cut material hair so easily as material scissors would. During the seance he said he "must go away for a bit to Chumley Penner's, and break a table for them," when Mr. Herne said Williams was not there, but at Brixton; but "Peter" said, "You know nothing about it; he is at Chumley Penner's," which has since been found to be correct. "Peter," among other things, bit the host's finger hard enough to leave the mark for some hours. He said he did this to let him feel that he could materialize his teeth. We all saw, heard, felt, and had mental correspondence with three spiritual individuals of

distinctive appearance and dress, and palpably distinct beings, and all were much pleased at this introduction to Mr. Herne and his generally invisible friend.

Your obedient servant,

H. DIXON.

112 Albany Street, London, Eng., December 11, 1872.

REMARKS ON THE QUESTION—"WHAT GOOD?"

In developing the questions of "What's the use?" and "What's the good?" of these Diakka and the *genuine* literal manifestations, I cannot better meet the minds of the general reader than by giving the sensible words of a *sensible man*: Long, long ago (he says), I made up my mind that the phenomenon commonly called "Spiritualism," is just exactly what it purports to be—the work of what was once a human being living upon this earth in the condition in which human beings live after their state has ended.

I have come to this conclusion from knowledge derived from two sources—first, the evidence of many people of undoubted veracity; second, from the evidence of my own senses at times when I have been in as perfect possession of them as at any other times in my whole life. I have *seen*, *heard*, and *felt* them again and again—not only in the evening, but in open daylight; not only at the rooms of mediums where some machinery might possibly have been so ingeniously arranged that I could not discover it, but in my own house where I *know* there was none.

Any other fact, except one relating to the ability of the spirits of the dead, would be considered amply proven, on less positive evidence than there is of this; and any jury would convict a man of murder—and have often done so—on much less positive evidence. The day is past when any man of sound reason, who will take the trouble to investigate to a moderate extent, can rationally deny its truth.

Starting with these premises, of which I am sure that you have had evidence enough to admit, let us ask concerning it, *Qui bono?* Now if there is any truth in Swedenborg's statements, and I think a careful study will convince us there is much, or if we can draw correct inferences from our experience, we cannot escape from the conclusion "that dead men are no better than living ones;" that men truthful in this life will be truthful in that; or, in the words of the New Testament, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still," etc. (see last chap. Revelations), and those that were untruthful in this life will be the same in the future. Death does not change the character of man, but simply strips off his masks and compels him to stand forth as he is, and he becomes after death the image of his own character.

Now, reasoning from this, we must conclude that if we receive a communication from the spirit of one whom we have known in this life to be truthful and reliable, we may depend upon what such a spirit tells us. From one known as a liar here, we can only expect lies. Hence it becomes necessary for us to devise

a means of knowing that the spirits who communicate are the persons whom they purport to be. Paul advised his hearers to *prove* the spirits—that is, to test them or their identity. There are many instances in the Bible where “lying spirits” entered into the mouths of prophets and deceived the people. The whole Bible is simply an account of past spirit-communications, and is without doubt a truthful one. When it is stripped of the coloring and erroneous translations, the work of bigoted theologians to sustain their long-cherished errors, it will show clearly that it is a record of the spirit-communications of the past, with their bearings upon the affairs of men.

SPIRITUALISM CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO RELIGION.

The author's remarks at a recent Anniversary meeting are here in order.

Concerning the dispensation of spiritual things: I rejoice in this opportunity to celebrate the inauguration of a *universal agitation*, which is emphatically the import and *mission* of Spiritualism. Spiritual Manifestations are a demonstration that man, with respect to his dignity and destiny, is pre-eminently and forever superior to the animals and vegetables about him. The essence of that prophecy contained in “Nature's Divine Revelations,” was that this living demonstration would re-vive and re-state one of the great principles of the natural religion of the universe—namely, the immortality of individual man! Consequently I am not here

to celebrate a religion first born twenty-five years ago. Spiritualism, taken at its best, is a "living demonstration" of man's eternal continuation. Mankind naturally rejoices in that sublime assurance, because however depressed and gross and imperfect a man or a woman may be, the sweet conviction of such an exalted and endless destiny will exalt the heart to a feeling of capability and dignity, and at last result in perfect redemption.

I came here to-day to rejoice with you because twenty-five years ago the modern trumpet first sounded in human ears, because then the bells of a new life were rung, and because the rapping manifestations of a spirit existence came plainly out to the senses of investigating man. But I did not come here to-day to rejoice over the birth of a new religion. I believe in the reign of ETERNAL IDEAS! and I do not believe in the deification of physical manifestations. Personal immortality, proven, is but a single element in the great principle of natural religion. And this distinction is the difference which has always existed between Harmonial Philosophers and those who pride themselves on being called Spiritualists.

Some four years ago, in a small volume, I announced the fact that we, Spiritualists, had a long series of abuses charged against us by our departed friends because they had not been approached with respect, nor treated with grateful consideration when they came; and because, also, the good things which they said and did had not taken root *within* us, which is the only true foundation of spiritual growth among mankind. So

believing, I have never attended what are called "Public Exhibitions of Spirit Power." Neither have I ever published a protest, nor have I ever verbally uttered one; and I do not now propose to do so. I have, personally, seldom sat at such tables and partaken of such viands. Now you say "that is because you have other things to eat." Well, I do not deny "I have meat that you know not of." But it is just that wholesome species of meat which any honest investigating man and woman can have—the meat of Reason and Truth. The effect of that publication ("The Fountain") issued four years ago, was to excite a false sound all through our ranks that "Brother Davis had recanted!" My recantation consisted, simply, in a wholesome "caution," nothing more. And now I notice through the public press that these ~~x~~ spiritual "counterfeiters" have recently been very industrious. I have long entertained the conviction that many manifestations, such as tying and untying ropes, taking off vests without removing the coat, removing a knife out of a gentleman's pocket and mysteriously putting it in a lady's lap, etc., are essentially nothing but ingenious and nefarious deeds of sleight-of-hand; no matter whether such tricks be done by some skilful legerdemain performer living in New York or in ~~x~~ another world. You do not touch my veneration when you say to me with reference to such manifestations, "Sir, that was spiritual, and not human." I behold spirits all ~~x~~ about me—these men and women here—and I always venerate true human nature. It adds nothing to a person's excellence because he happens to live in the

parlor; neither does it necessarily exalt a person—at least not in my esteem—to tell me that he now resides in the Spiritual world. I live in New York, which is situated somewhere between Hell Gate and the Elysian Fields. (Laughter.) I am willing to call it “purgatory,” and yet I meet men and women *here* who touch my veneration, to whom I am fraternally attached. I love New York City, with its Central Park and with its other great central enterprises. In like manner I love certain portions and enterprises of our Summerland. You add nothing to my religious nature by saying, “Sir, the Davenport Brothers did not themselves perform the trick.” By this you mean to say, “The trick was done by attendant spirits for them.” Now what I say is this: I want no such manifestations to form the basis of my religion. And I say to you, ladies and gentlemen, that so long as you continue in these *trifling* facts, so long will you be entitled to receive from seventy-five to eighty per cent. of psychological and wilful deception. Do you suppose that a dispensation of “living demonstrations” which men call “Spiritualism” is an essential part of the foundation of true religion? Certainly not; no more than the ringing of a good strong bell is an essential part of your dinner. Men, working in the shop and field, gladly hear the welcoming sound of the bell about one o’clock! Generally it is rung by a stout and healthily incarnated girl. To *me*, it is no more wonderful that a man lives after death than that he lives after his birth.

THE INFLUENCE AND STATISTICS OF SPIRITUALISM.

AN event in human affairs, measured by the flight of time, is but a minute point of light shining into the world of darkness. But the imperishable inmost spirit, measured by the innumerable number of sensations and ideas which it may experience and manifest, is nothing less than a revelation of the hallowed harmonies of the universe. By various instrumentalities, however, an event, beginning as a prophetic star in the black sky of ignorance, may be absorbed and assimilated by the life of humanity, and multiplied and expanded and diversified by various individuals, until it shines forth as the full-orbed sun of righteousness with healing in its infinitely extended and lovingly brooding wings.

Spiritualism, measured by its modern history, commenced in the very bosom of poverty and obscurity—a point of light shining into the abounding gloom of materialism. Twenty-four years ago this day, in the Empire State which holds the metropolis of the Continent, a *sound*,¹ breathing the approach of “a new heaven and a new earth,” floated down from multitudes gathered upon the resounding shores of the Summer-

land. * And to-day we meet to commemorate that event, and to review briefly those developments which, unceasingly flowing and expanding from that point throughout the civilized races, have destroyed both death and hell, and brought immortality to light.

First, then, as to its Origin. Spiritualism is founded upon the spiritual constitution of man. It is as natural to the essence of his imperishable inmost as materialism is natural to the instincts of his destructible physical organization. The unceasing recurrence of the phenomena of death in the universe of organs and bodies is complemented in the world of essences and spirits by the perpetual manifestations of limitless and deathless powers. Hence, strictly speaking, the history of Spiritualism is coëval with the life of humanity. Manifestations of spirit commenced with the birth of mankind, at which time also commenced the human fear of death.

But now we commemorate the *origin* of the modern revival, after a comparative sleep of such phenomena, following the law of tides in flooding and ebbing through the world, and thus we begin with the external fact. By way of definition, Spiritualism may be seen as—

1st, A demonstration of a spiritual constitution within man's body.

2d, A demonstration that this organized spiritual man triumphs over the death of the body.

3d, A demonstration that he can re-visit the earth and bring testimonies to mankind.

* This discourse was delivered by the author on the occasion of the twenty-fourth Anniversary of Spiritualism.

Thus estimated, we assemble to unite our thanksgivings, and to mingle our benedictions over one of the most memorable and illustrious events possible to the entire life of mankind. It is nothing less than a demonstration to the materialized senses of *another universe*, with its loftier harmonies and limitless possibilities freely opened to each individual soul!

Four and twenty years, through every conceivable agency, this demonstration has been constructing a ladder of thought and affection—a means of ascent and descent between the world of things and the realm of eternal life. Looking through the lens of time, we behold bright messengers of love from the Summerland, bearing the torch of philosophic truth, marching through the habitations of men, pouring a new light over science, developing into usefulness and beauty, intellectual and moral powers till then sleeping in many honest souls, victoriously attacking the strongholds of oppression, overcoming pride and ignorance in high stations, and crowning and filling the whole humanity with joys unspeakable and full of glory.

Yet the great outside world is only vexed and perturbed by this uncontrollable demonstration. Although hundreds of thousands, yea, millions upon millions of minds have been reached and influenced, yet the present aspect of the movement is far from satisfactory.

Second, then, as to its Influence. In surveying the field, in all candor I am enabled to number the great multitude of four millions of persons *interested* in, but

not yet liberalized by, modern Spiritualism. These minds are both within and without church organizations. With these the initial phenomena have not been excelled, nor yet sufficiently multiplied and defined to convey them beyond the simple fascination of the supernatural and wonderful.

Another multitude approach the sounding shore; with expectant breathing they inhale the atmosphere of this new dispensation; they become *liberalized*, but not convinced; and they number above one million of the world's brightest and bravest intellects. These are women and men of thought and action; in walks of literature, music, and art; they take part as universal educators and inspirers in colleges and lesser institutions for the advancement of both sexes and all races.

There is yet to be counted another host, about four hundred thousand in this country, who are *convinced*, but not improved by the influential revelation of modern Spiritualism. These investigators have breathed the air of physical phenomena, but their social and moral faculties do not feed at the reservoir of principles, in which our Heavenly Parents hide the nourishment of the best life for mind and for the wholesome growth of character. These Spiritualists, being perfectly convinced of the facts, are energetic both as writers and public advocates. Their thoughts are eloquent, and their discourses bright as stars. With unclouded intellects, and lifted somewhat by the under-flood of common inspiration, they proclaim the truth. They effectively aid in establishing among men a knowledge

of the facts, yet threaten to overthrow our temple of truth, erected in sincere and thoughtful minds, by disorderly conduct of their external lives. And yet, immortal laurels bloom on the heights of Spiritualism, and what was called "evil, and that continually," is transformed to stepping-stones for the approaching feet of the faithful.

Another army is marching this way, numbering one million and six hundred thousand adult women and men. These shine with the light of regeneration; they are each individually improved, but not inspired; they receive the exalted harmonies of the New Dispensation into their private lives; by experience, reason, and cultivation they absorb and assimilate the essentials of our principles; and thus, without immediate inspiration or angel-help, these sixteen hundred thousand in our ranks interpret and exemplify the enrichments and exaltations flowing from the fountain around which we this day meet to rejoice.

A bright procession, numbering quite two millions, approach through the golden gates of Spiritualism, with freedom and knowledge emanating from them like effulgence from the sun, proclaiming that the world's second birth is at hand, prophesying of bloody struggles yet to come, when despots and bigots shall combine against Progress to their own destruction—this throng in Spiritualism are *inspired* but not organized—individualism in its first fruition, a mighty movement sweeping across the Continent from sea to sea, terrible as a dark barbarian mob marching with ever-increasing power.

against the strongholds of ignorance, error, bigotry, and superstition. The glory and beauty of free-religion, and the victorious development of a higher civilization, waving and expanding like a golden harvest beneath the heavens of the Summerland, are promised by the efforts of this unorganized mob of *inspired* women and men, to the number of twenty hundred thousand!

Here is a summary of the vast hosts to which I have briefly called your attention :

Of adult persons <i>interested</i> in Spiritualism, but not mentally liberalized by it.....	4,000,000
Of adult persons <i>liberalized</i> , but not yet fully convinced of Spiritualism.....	1,000,000
Of adult persons <i>convinced</i> , but not improved in life and character.....	400,000
Of adult persons <i>improved</i> by Spiritualism, but not inspired.....	1,600,000
Of adult persons <i>inspired</i> by Spiritualism, but not regulated by it.....	2,000,000
Grand total.....	9,000,000

A somewhat different recapitulation of the modern achievements might illustrate and exhibit the situation and effects in a more intelligible-light; thus:

1. Spiritualism has *converted* four hundred thousand (400,000) from dark scepticism to a full knowledge of the soul's individual existence after death.

2. Spiritualism has attracted the serious attention and *interested* four million (4,000,000) minds who were indifferent to the vital interests of humanity.

3. Spiritualism has rescued from the barren doctrines of orthodoxy and *liberalized* at least one million (1,000,000) of thoughtful, earnest men and women, and

prepared them for the reception and comprehension of higher ideas of truth and justice.

4. Spiritualism has awakened from dumb slumber, and manifestly developed into nobler characters, at least one million and six hundred thousand (1,600,000) souls, fortifying their interior faculties with rational conceptions of our Heavenly Parents, bringing to light the harmonies of the universe, by and through the Harmonial Philosophy, which is at once a science, a theology, a religion, and a revelation of nature, reason, and intuition.

5. Spiritualism has lifted out of ignorance, poverty, and obscurity, and filled with an unorganized (because unorganizable) *inspiration* not less than two millions (2,000,000) of the earth's present inhabitants. It has confounded the wise out of the mouths of the world's unschooled babes and unwashed simpletons!

These are some of the achievements of the new joy-inspiring dispensation, which has dawned upon the old dead world of theological fossils and bigôts.

We have said nothing of our active efforts in healing the sick, and in lifting up the down-trodden in every department of society. The chief manifestations of the mission and powers of Spiritualism are exhibited in mental rather than in physical regeneration, although it is popularly and erroneously believed that angel ministrations are directed for the most part to the augmentation of the worldly comforts of true believers.

Notwithstanding the truthful array of figures here presented, the fact remains that human communication with the inhabitants of celestial lands is exceedingly

\ rare, mixed, and frequently unreliable. Not more than one hundred and fifty test mediums devote their time exclusively to the demands of the public. In private home retreats, whither the cautious and cowardly gather for investigation and the gratification of insatiable curiosity, we can number at least three thousand (3,000) on both sides of the Atlantic, whose names have not yet been catalogued among professional and publicly accessible mediums. The proportion is only *one medium* conscious of an experience in Spiritualism to hundreds of thousands of adult persons as yet both unconscious and unmindful of what we this day assemble to celebrate.

Of speakers and ministers of Spiritualism, including editors and publicly avowed advocates, continually in the field, either settled or travelling, the number is exceedingly limited, compared with the ministerial force of any prominent denomination of Christians. So far in our history the public demand for abnormal speakers is greatly in excess of the supply. Inspirational discourses, especially if developed successfully by questions sent to the rostrum by the audience—thus conveying at once a test and instruction, both through prose and spontaneous verse—possess undiminished charms for those who take deep interest in the claims and ideas of Spiritualism. This popular want has been and is being met by about forty men and sixty women, whose ranks are continually recruited from circles, in which speakers receive their first lessons under psychological control, and out of which they graduate to the conference-room and public rostrum. This widespread demand of

the popular appetite for spontaneous prose and inspired
 verse, has shut like an iron door against the approaching
 ministry of cultivated normal teachers, who write under
 the inspiration of great principles, and deliver their
 productions from manuscript. These, consequently,
 believing in subjective mental industry and involuntary
 spirit culture, retire into other fields of usefulness, in
 politics, religion, social reforms, etc., surrendering the
 spiritualistic platform almost wholly to trance, psycho-
 logical, and inspirational advocates. By this means
 converts are multiplied, while the standard of individual
 and self-responsible spiritual culture is being steadily
 lowered to a level with popular Methodism. The socie-
 ties and corporations of Universalists, Unitarians, and
 free religionists reap large crops out of our harvest
 fields from this cause alone. Spiritualism fails to
 utilize normal talents freely offered from the ranks of
 scholastic and self-educated women and men. They are
 compelled to find employment and adequate remunera-
 tion in liberal, but less congenial associations. Spirit-
 ualism will accomplish nothing more than an ordinary
 victory over superstition until its enlightened friends
 raise the standard of social, moral, and intellectual cul-
 ture. Then, and not till then, will our immortal prin-
 ciples interest leading minds, and lift mankind toward
 unity and happiness.

Four and twenty years find us with only the sem-
 blance of organizational existence. The form does not
 exist because there is among us no formative soul. We
 are like grains of sparkling sand, which will not unite ;

not like drops of water, which inevitably flow into co-operative fellowship. In this feature our movement is as original as are the most of our cardinal propositions.

Moreover, Spiritualism has not (excepting the Children's Lyceum) made its name *one* with any important public enterprise or great effective labor of beneficence.

✕ It is also exceedingly poor in real estate, owning no grand structures adapted to any purpose, and contenting
 \ itself with meeting in crude halls and out-of-the-way
 \ rooms, unworthy of ideas and believers so magnanimous.

And yet, in view of the vast and grand developments in the philosophical and spiritual domain of this twenty-four year old movement, we hail and invite the coming multitudes of earth; we offer them drink at our flowing fountains, and we set before them a feast of wholesome things; we give them joy that the Star of Truth, heralded by the choral angels, has so brilliantly
 ✕ arisen above the horizon of our new modern Bethlehem! The sacred fires of universal liberty, justice, and love burn upon the altars of our Western civilization. An intense fervid spiritual emotion stirs the great heart of the nineteenth century. A boundlessly free religion, based upon a universal recognition of human equal rights, and promoted by a perpetual expansion of equal principles through human souls, is this day the demand of the entire world. And we behold in the manifestations and unorganizable inspirations of modern Spiritualism the preparation for the establishment of a nobler and happier life on earth, for which all living sinners and saints unceasingly pray.

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